

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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The Gathering Storm in Europe.

THE anticipation of great troubles in Europe contained in the letter of our well-informed Paris correspondent, are in consonance with the apprehensions of European publicists generally. Statesmen and Governments, great and small, show the common fear, and are more or less rapidly preparing for the dreaded contingency. It is currently believed that were it not for the almost imperative necessity of quiet, imposed by the grand Exposition, the outbreak would be immediate. We do not think so. The principal actors in the prospective bloody drama are not altogether prepared for their respective parts. France has not yet completed her enlarged military organization, nor has the change in her armament been effected. Prussia needs no change in her armament, and only requires to consolidate her new political organization, to be ready for the field. She took Europe by surprise when she announced, that in virtue of secret treaties made months ago, she had practically absorbed the South German Confederation. The announcement may be said, figuratively, to have taken away the breath of the French Emperor, who, at the very moment, was assuring his people, through his organ the Minister of State, that the apparent aggrandizement of Prussia was really a disruption, into three parts, of the infinitely more powerful and more dangerous Germanic Confederation.

The truth is, Prussia is master of the situation in Europe, and Bismarck is by far the astutest of its statesmen, and among the most selfish and unscrupulous. The French feel the loss of their Continental prestige which he has inflicted, and the Emperor, whatever he may pretend, must in some way retrieve the political defeats and failures of the last four years. It is indispensable for his own sake and that of the dynasty he aims to establish; for while the French people never desired to go into the Mexican speculation, and were eager to get out of it, they nevertheless feel the discredit it has brought, and would be glad of a success to compensate for its failure. They perceive that they lost the lead in Europe, while their sovereign assured them that their position was all the time improving. They desire, almost as



H. M. ISABELLA II., QUEEN OF SPAIN.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FREDRICKS & CO.—SEE PAGE 104.

strongly as the Emperor, some turn of events that will bring with it forgetfulness of past disappointments and humiliations, and without being really anxious for a war, are willing to risk one to vindicate their reputation and prestige. The sovereign and people are consequently, but with different motives, in practical accord in their aspirations. Prussia, on the other hand, is led by a man as fearless as inflexible, and is conscious and proud of her strength. Perhaps she has no keen revenges to gratify, but she will firmly support whatever she has assumed, and will submit to nothing likely to cloud the present full splendor of her success. She has paralyzed Austria and put Italy under bonds to herself. The sympathy of Russia is clearly hers as against France, as, for that matter, is also the sympathy of England. Under all the circumstances of the case, she may, with good reason, feel that she is the peer, if not the superior, of France, and quite able to meet the latter on any field.

It is useless to pretend that the relations between the two countries are not critical. Neither may be eager for a collision, but both look to it as inevitable, and each, in its way, is preparing for it. France will probably take the initiative. The question of Luxemborg may bring it on, or some other equally trivial.

The Eastern question is a ghost that will not be laid by Sebastopol sieges nor diplomatic combinations. The fiat has gone forth that Mohammedan power must disappear from Europe, and that the Christian populations below the Danube must be consolidated. Greece will take a part, Austria perhaps another, Russia no insignificant ally, and the remainder will constitute a new political, religious and social organism. Both France and England would temporize with the question, and would, if they could, postpone an issue which they know must soon arise, but which they are unprepared to meet. So far as France is concerned, she knows that the moment she is engaged in a conflict with Prussia, that moment the sword of Russia will settle the Eastern question.

And what will England do? Nothing! Her



VIEW OF THE CITY AND PORT OF CADIZ, SPAIN.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MASSON, SEVILLE, SPAIN.—SEE PAGE 105.

aristocracy have become place-hunters for themselves and for their sons; they are no longer aggressive, and they have not permitted the people to supply, through "a fierce democracy," what the nation has lost through their own decline. Effete rulers; an undeveloped and spiritless people. The voice of Great Britain in Europe has sunk to the echo of a whisper. And her capital is losing its last strength—its moneyed predominance. She may be "counted out," except as a pawn in the great game between Louis Napoleon and his master Bismarck. At most she may be able to add her quota to the general confusion by making a naval display against Spain, on account of the Tornado and the Queen Victoria.

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537 Pearl Street, New York.

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NOTICE.

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Special Notice.

WITH this number of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, the portrait of WENDELL PHILLIPS, in companion size with that of the Hon. THADDEUS STEVENS, and forming Number Two of the National Portrait Gallery, is given away gratuitously to every purchaser.

Another Gift.

WITH No. 26 of FRANK LESLIE'S BOYS' AND GIRLS' WEEKLY, we present to our patrons a Title and Contents for the first half-yearly volume. Thanking them for the success which has attended our efforts to provide a good and cheap Juvenile Magazine for their amusement and instruction, we are content to let the WEEKLY speak for itself, assuring them that we shall continue to improve its various features, and likewise to find new ones for their approval.

We can truly say that this is the cheapest publication for young folks on both sides of the Atlantic, containing, as it does, in addition to the varied contents of its sixteen large folio pages, twenty first-class engravings, for five cents! Besides our three prizes weekly for the successful solutions of the Round Table, we have given away to our purchasers four handsome engravings, namely, Wayne's Assault on Stony Point, the Game of Loto, a Comic Checker-Board, and Grant in Peace, in addition to the Title and Contents mentioned above.

Corruption in High Places.

It is a very vague metaphor which describes a man as blushing for his country. The sentiment it is founded on is respectable, and may be easily enough traced to the emotions of our younger days, when the story of great vices or great wrongs called to our cheeks the hot flush of shame or indignation. And now, when familiarity with what once seemed hideous has robbed it of its worst features, it is with a sort of curious wonder that we compare what we are with what we were; and if honest enough to confess it, we are perhaps a little troubled to find ourselves so far on the road to vice that we are indifferent to it—that what once shocked and repelled us has become, if not attractive, at least not quite so odious as it was. We may be rather ashamed of the rascally things our companions in the race of life are doing, but the last thing that occurs to us is to let the symbol of chastity and innocence mantle on our cheeks on account of their misdeeds, or of our tacit acquiescence in them.

It is a matter of more than regret that we have suffered our growth, both as individuals and as a nation, to be choked by the weeds that have sprung up. It is just as well to be honest and open about this matter of public corruption. We may rely upon it that the very worst policy is that of concealment. If the object be to hide from foreign nations the sore trouble that besets us, we may be sure that our mere silence will not hinder our shame from being known. We are watched too closely for a flaw like this to escape detection. Besides, by such a course, we are liable to the aggravated penalty which attaches to the attempted concealment of crime. It may be very unpleasant to be taunted with our faults or misfortunes, but the sting is unendurable when, after a strenuous denial on our part, they are proved against us. Besides, it is not altogether impolitic to disarm our accusers by being the first to proclaim our own sins. It may soften the judgment of our rivals if they have only our own confession to urge against us, and there may be some consolation in believing that if we had not proclaimed our own shortcomings, they would have been detected by no one else. The horrors of the famine in Orissa, by which 800,000 persons perished, and the shameful servitude of the children's gang-

labor in Lincolnshire, might have been doubted, if the published reports of the British Government had not placed the facts beyond the reach of contradiction. There could only have been one possible aggravation, which is, that these blows on English civilization should have been first proclaimed by foreigners, and notwithstanding official denials of their accuracy, have been yet proved true. We are far from saying that the abominable corruption which has been alleged, without any attempted contradiction, against our State Legislature, and which is more than suspected of extending much wider and higher, is equal in atrocity to the crimes we allude to. Perhaps, however, the question is only one of degree. It is the sacrifice of life on the one side, against that of public property on the other, and it is hard telling to which should be assigned the higher place on the roll of infamy, the cheating by design, or the murder by neglect.

Unfortunately these charges of corruption against the Legislature of the State are not new, but what is new and very refreshing, is to find the offenders arraigned by the newspapers upholding the policy of the party the corrupt members belong to. Any one must have a short memory—or be of recent importation—who does not remember James Buchanan's Duquesne letter, and the Covode Investigation Committee that followed it. Then it was a Democratic President warning his party in solemn tones against the tide of official corruption that was sapping the very foundation of the Government, and prophesying the direst woes to the country if such practices should continue. The investigation that followed such charges proved more than was expected against the party then in power; and when we remember all that took place in our City Government when Tammany reigned supreme and uncontrolled, we cannot fail to see that the Democratic party has too much glass in their own house to throw stones safely at ours. Now, it is the Republican party that comes under a lash far more merciless than that which tickled their predecessors in office, and it is a most hopeful sign that it is laid on by that portion of the daily press most fully committed to every measure of the party. The charges of corruption brought forward against members of the Legislature are most clear and precise. Mere declamation in general terms could have been of no avail. No vague generalities, however glittering, could have reached the public ear, already jaded by party cries and partisan accusations. But the names of the members are now given in full, with the prices in dollars at which their votes have been purchased, and may presumably be purchased again, and these men neither deny the charges, nor avail themselves of the easy legal method of protecting a character which ought to be dear both to themselves and to their constituents, but which, apparently, is of no value to either. It is very easy for the Democratic party to exult in the damaging exposures of their opponents, by their own friends; these will retort that the Democratic party first proclaimed the doctrine that the spoils belonged to the victors, and that the cohesive power of public plunder was a legitimate war-cry. And it may be further urged on behalf of the party in power, that as taxes are now, let us say, five times heavier than before, so their temptations are five times greater, and therefore five times more plausible excuses may be urged for their failure to do right. It may at least be allowed that whatever shamelessness and rapacity the Democratic party exhibited while in office, their successors, the Republicans, have not been inapt scholars.

But this subject cannot be dismissed by merely noting the recriminations of one political party against another. Such are the fair weapons of partisan warfare; but to the reflecting part of our people who look to the principles which underlie events rather than to the expediency which guides a party, there is a profound interest in tracing the causes of this wide-spread corruption among public men, for it may be hoped that with the discovery of the cause may come also some sense of the true remedy to be applied. And here especially is there need of that honesty of expression of which we have spoken; and if we find that the causes lie deep in our political system, we shall be unwise if we seek to soothe by outward applications, when only the actual cautery will effect a cure.

A candid observer of our system of elections need only to look at the way they are initiated to see that the evil complained of lies at the very root. Primary meetings select the candidates of the party, and no one who has once attended a primary meeting needs to be told what motives guide them. They are generally under the control of the scum of the party, of men who make politics a trade, who seek to live by what crumbs of public plunder their candidate—if elected—can throw to them, and the most available man for this purpose is their favorite. The choice of candidate once made, his name is inscribed on banners, and proclaimed to the world as the choice of the

party. He may be ignorant, brutal, of tarnished character, but he is nominated by the party. He may be poor and greedy, and with no notions of the rights of property, while there is committed to him part of the control of the vast property of this State and City; but he is nominated by the party, and you must vote for him, or your vote is thrown away. What chance have men of probity, of intelligence, of a deep stake in the welfare of the community, under such a system as this? That they have none is proved by the experience of the last twenty years, no matter whether Democrats or Republicans, loyal or disloyal, be at the head of affairs, and there seems nothing before us but repetitions of the same disgrace. Shall we be driven then to say that universal suffrage is a failure, because under it none but the worst men are elected to office? Although this is a conclusion to which many reflecting men do not hesitate to arrive, we cannot share their belief until another phase of action has been passed, and in this phase we see the only chance of public safety. In less orderly and smaller communities than ours, Vigilance Committees drive away the vermin that fatten on public plunder. But, after all, such illegal remedies only represent an awakened public sentiment, an aroused sense of public duty, which finds that organized society has higher and nobler aims than making money, and that undivided attention to such ignoble pursuits is but to encourage the enslavement of one part by another. To this awakened sense we must come at last. We do not believe that the vicious and depraved yet control a majority of votes, for in plain words it comes to that, but that when a perhaps lower depth of degradation of our government has been reached, and our burdens are made yet heavier, the good and wise among us will bestir themselves, and by seeing that our legislators are chosen from their own class and none other, rescue us from the thralldom we now impatiently endure.

Eight Hours' Labor Bill.

THERE are few persons, except the agitators for this bill, some politicians who seek by promoting it to curry favor with a portion of their constituents, and others who can make money by it, who will not hear with regret that it has passed both houses of the legislature at Albany, and now awaits the Governor's signature or veto. We earnestly hope it will receive the latter. A more dishonest pretext for meddling with the rates of wages by legislative enactment has seldom been brought before the public, for, it is neither more nor less than indirectly meddling with the rates of wages to restrict the time that men shall labor. As we understand the bill, it provides that eight hours shall be the meaning of a day when men are engaged by day's work. But is it to be supposed that the farmer or contractor for building will pay the same wages for eight hours' work that they do for ten? And if they reduce wages twenty per cent. to correspond with the twenty per cent. reduction of time, how much better off will the laborer or workman be? But the idea of our sapient lawmakers is, that men will get for eight hours' work as much as they are now paid for ten, and that employers will be deterred from apparently (though not really) lowering wages because of the odium such a step would excite; and hence it is, we maintain, that this law is merely a dishonest, because indirect way of legislating rates of wages.

Again, by this proposed reduction of time of a day's work, one-fifth will be taken off all agricultural and garden labor throughout the State, one-fifth off labor on railways and canals, one-fifth off labor on all buildings. The consequences of the diminished results of labor must eventually prove most serious. If it be said that employers may still make special contracts for the old time, we reply that there is then no occasion for a law to regulate what will regulate itself without any law. Workmen may now stipulate for eight hours' work for eight hours' pay, or ten hours' work for ten hours' pay; and we repeat that the attempt to make employers pay for eight hours as much as they now pay for ten, is perfectly absurd and impracticable.

There are few workmen in any trade who are not always willing to work overtime if they can, and this is a complete answer to the allegation that workmen require more time for recreation than they now have.

In fact, to make legislation on the subject of any value, it ought to provide that no man shall work more than eight hours, and to inflict penalties upon all who do so. If the framers of the measure were honest this would have been the scope and meaning of the new law. To permit special contracts for an excess of hours exposes at once the hollowness of the pretext under which short hours are sought to be enforced. We are very sure that if no man in the State were allowed to work more than eight hours in a day, and received his wages for only that time, all the industry in the State would come to a stand-still in a few days.

England and Spain—The Queen Victoria.

In our last week's issue we laid before our readers a history of the case of the Tornado, and the origin of the present warlike demonstrations of Great Britain against Spain. A late cable dispatch informs the public that the Tornado case is not yet settled, but that Spain has made restitution in the case of the Queen Victoria, and it is the merits of this latter question that we propose briefly to state for the benefit of our readers. Unfortunately we have not got the Spanish side of the argument, and can only listen to the English view of it; still, as Spain has yielded the point, it may be presumed the position she took was untenable in public law.

It appears, then, that on the 15th of January, 1866, a revenue cutter belonging to the Spanish Custom-House seized the Queen Victoria, a small vessel laden with iron, cloth and tobacco, on the high seas, fifteen miles from the coast, and took her into Cadiz, whence her crew was driven with threats. The name of the vessel was effaced, and she was advertised for sale as a derelict, but on the British Consul's remonstrance she was brought before some Spanish tribunal, and secretly, without warning or witnesses, condemned for landing smuggled goods on the coast which she had not approached within fifteen miles. After a delay of twelve months, the Spanish Minister of Foreign Affairs was badgered into taking up the question, and then only proposed that the original confiscation should be declared void, and proceedings commenced anew, which was evidently only an evasive way of saying that the tribunal which had condemned unheard men illegally seized on the high seas should have an opportunity of condemning them again after hearing.

The British Government refused to become accomplices in such a mockery of justice, and on the 30th of March Lord Stanley addressed a dispatch to the British representative at Madrid, of which the following is the conclusion: "Her Majesty's Government must at once insist on the immediate restoration of the ship and cargo, or their full value, and on proper pecuniary indemnity to her captain and crew, accompanied by an expression of regret, addressed to her Majesty's Government, for the outrage committed on the British flag. You will furnish General Calonge with a copy of this dispatch, which is the reply of her Majesty's Government to his letter of the 9th of January, and you will express the earnest hope of her Majesty's Government that the Government of her Catholic Majesty will not allow this matter to assume the proportions of a serious difficulty between Great Britain and Spain."

Our readers are already aware that the British fleet was ordered to Cadiz, and Spain gave up the vessel.

THE contemporaneous reports of the severity of the fighting in the late war between Prussia and Austria, and of the "destructive effects" of the needle-gun, are hardly justified by the official returns of the Austrian losses. The whole Austrian loss in killed and wounded during the war, in ten battles, is hardly greater than was sustained by either side in the single fight of Gettysburg. It appears that in all there were 9,671 killed, 24,096 wounded, and 37,500 missing. The army of the north lost 62,797 men (8,484 killed, 19,896 wounded, and 34,417 missing); the army of the south lost 8,470 men (1,187 killed, 4,200 wounded, and 3,083 missing). In the chief battles the losses were as follows:

	Killed.	Wounded.	Missing.	Total.
Hühnewasser	148	170	409	727
Nachod	44	91	249	383
Trantenau	681	1,708	1,205	3,594
Neu Rognitz	70	460	365	895
Skalitz	2,455	3,380	8,830	14,665
Königshof	48	128	428	597
Gitschin	383	529	1,631	2,543
Schweinschädel	123	257	654	1,034
Königsgrätz	4,220	12,015	21,684	37,919
Custoza	1,045	3,681	2,663	7,389

Amongst the minor results that will follow the annexation to Prussia of Nassau, Hesse Cassel and Hesse Homburg, we suppose we must reckon the suppression of the gambling tables at the various "Bäder." The Prussian Government has always shown a laudable desire to promote national morality when its own interests have not been directly concerned. And so it is to be anticipated that soon "rien n'ira plus" at all the watering-places. Wiesbaden, Ems, Homburg vor der Höhe and Neuheim are the towns that will be chiefly affected. The townspeople seem scarcely grateful for the prospect of social amelioration that ought to follow on the expected action of the Prussian Government. In Wiesbaden and Ems petitions have been signed praying for the prolongation of the leases to the proprietors of the gaming-houses.

TOWN COSSIP.

THERE is no mistaking it now, the spring is really come. The willows have put on their charming covering of yellowish green spray, the horse-chestnuts are bursting out with their large leaves, and such oases of grass as the city affords are sprouting out in a tender green. The Central Park, too, is attracting its hosts of riders and drivers; Broadway displays spring costumes, and the ultra fashionables parade in simple dresses, without even a shawl or any outside garment.

The unanimity with which all these signs indicate the fact must make it one. Though this climate is never to be relied on, still it would seem as though now we would be justified in leaving off overcoats, and trusting that

we, too, should feel the fresh influence of the rejuvenescence of the year.

The old physiologists had a theory of a grand climacteric in the term of human life, and even modern science has not entirely discarded it. Perhaps, after all, we do partake somewhat of the vegetable character in our organization, and our blood runs fresher in the spring, as the sap does in the trees. Tapped now, we ought to yield a richer flow of the milk of human kindness, and, in fact, we do.

The season is more prolific in the charities. Perhaps it was from this unconscious reason that the anniversaries were all appointed in May; but from a similar view how injudicious it is to make the same period the time for transplanting us. One would suppose that the idea originated among the Jews, who, as they are never agriculturally engaged, would not be struck with the natural reasons against such an arrangement.

It may well enough suit those who find their counterpart in the greenhouse plants—who are never taken up by the roots—who, never taking hold upon the actual soil, are simply transferred for the season of their bloom to positions where they may make more display; but for those who really grow from the earth about them—who, finding their nourishment from the soil, have thrown out their tender rootlets until no nook or cranny of their abiding-places has become necessary to their existence, and a part and parcel, as it were, of themselves, this custom of the 1st of May transplanting is cruel in the extreme.

A life of such change in a city is worse than that of the nomad; they carry with them not only their household utensils, but also their tents.

But the idea just now of imitating them would be an excellent lesson for the landlords. Suppose that some two or three hundred thousand of the tenants should pitch their tents for the summer either in the Central Park or on the beaches all along the neighboring seashore? It would be an excellent mode of proving to the owners of real estate on this island how unimportant and useless a class they are. If this did not suffice, arrangements might be made for passing the winter upon boats floating in the stream, as a large proportion—in fact, the whole floating population—of the Chinese cities do. Some such decisive step is becoming a necessity.

Amusements in the City.

Partially on account of the closing Lenten season, no doubt, amusements in the city have been a dull and unvaried, for the week ending Wednesday April 24th. * * * At the Academy of Music Italian Opera has continued, "Crispino," the "Africaine," and the "North Star" being the features of the week, and the "Africaine" and "Faust" having their last performances on Monday and Tuesday, on Thursday evening the 25th, a new prima donna is to make the first of three appearances—Senora Angela Peralt, now on her way from Havana to Europe; and the *debut* is expected to uphold the late brilliancy of the season. * * * At Wallack's there has been no novelty, but Bonicelli's London success, the "Flying Scud" (horse-piece), will be produced during the current week and will have due notice hereafter. * * * At the Olympic the Richings English opera-troupe are just closing their season, without any special novelty. * * * The New York Theatre temporarily closed on Monday the 15th, but reopened on Monday the 22d, with a military drama called the "Sacred Trust," and with Blondin on the tight-rope. More of these performances next week. * * * At Niblo's, the "Black Crook." * * * At the Broadway, Miss Maggie Mitchell in the last week of her engagement, which closes with Saturday evening the 27th, her usual alternation, "Fanchon," "Little Barefoot," and the "Pearl of Savoy," having been duly gone through with to full houses. * * * At Barnum's, Yankee Locke has been very successful in Yankee characters, the two pieces in which he has yet appeared being "Ten Nights in a Bar Room," and the "Yankee in Cuba," and his support ably accorded by Mr. Lovick, Mrs. Prior, Miss F. J. etc. The Museum is and has been doing remarkably well, in spite of the departure of the menagerie. * * * Mr. and Mrs. Howard Paul commenced a brief series of their popular entertainments at Irving Hall, on Tuesday evening, the 24th, and were received with the deserved warmth of old favorites and true artists. They appear but a few days, and then leave for Europe, to general regret. * * * Manager George L. Fox has been creating a profound sensation at the Bowers, with the capital pantomime of "Little Boy Blue," but closes his season on Saturday evening, the 27th. * * * Rosier's tableau "La Foi, L'Espérance et La Charité," has been the latest feature at the Theatre Français, pending Madame Ristori. * * * The only current musical event of note is the Choral Service at Trinity on Thursday morning, the 25th (the Festival of St. Mark) with a grand performance of Handel's "Messiah" at St. John's Chapel, Varick street, on the same evening, all the Trinity choir assisting. * * * Mrs. L. C. Winter has returned to this city after completing a very successful engagement in Toronto.

ART GOSSIP.

On Monday evening of last week, the galleries of the National Academy of Design were crowded by a great throng of guests, the occasion being the opening of the forty-second annual exhibition of that institute. This reception was probably the most brilliant one ever yet given by the artists of New York, and any foreigner who might have been among the visitors would certainly have formed a favorable opinion of the progress of art in this country, from the manifest importance attached to it by so large a number of refined and cultivated persons.

The galleries were fully opened to the public on the Tuesday following, and as they certainly contain many notable attractions in the way of American art, we have no doubt that they will be a favorite resort during the early months of the summer for all who take an interest in its advancement.

The pictures in the galleries, including drawings and sketches, are five hundred and ninety-eight in number, and there are twenty-six pieces of sculpture on view in the room devoted to that branch of art. Among the most notable pictures on the walls is one by E. H. May, an American artist long resident in France, and a pupil of Couture. "The Roman Mother," as this picture is called, is a life-size group, three-quarter length, representing a bright-eyed Italian woman of the peasant class, with a baby in her lap, and a little girl standing by her side. Although the type of the mother is not one of striking beauty, yet it is very truthful, and the picture is full of rich color and painted with a vigorous, sweeping touch.

A wonderfully luminous landscape, by S. R. Gifford, is that one entitled "Sunrise on the Sea-Shore," in which the morning atmosphere is rendered with absolute truth.

D. Huntington has a very large landscape here, called "Chocorus Peak," a very rugged scene amid shattered rocks and trees.

There are several pictures of negro character, by T. W. Wood, which are excellent for truth, but painted without sufficient regard to the representation of surfaces and textures.

Kensett's glowing landscape, called "A Reminiscence of the Bay of Salerno," has a great attraction for visitors. It is full of broad sunlight and tender atmospheric effects.

Another picture which excites a great deal of attention is W. H. Beard's, one entitled "The Hunter's

Flask," representing three squirrels, who have found a "pocket-pistol," dropped in the wood, and are making free with its contents.

Arthur Parton's landscape, "The Valley of the Au Sable, Adirondacks," is the best picture yet exhibited by that artist; it is strong in effect, and painted in a free, bold manner. "Street Melodist," by Constant Mayer, is an excellent composition of two young Italian musicians—faces that are not unfamiliar to the *Amateurs* of New York. A portrait of this artist, painted by himself, is also on view here. It is an excellent likeness, and was painted specially for the Academy of Design.

There are a great number of portraits on the walls of the Academy, and of these, as well as of the landscapes and other works generally, we shall give our readers a concise account from week to week.

A bronze statue of General Sedgwick has been ordered by the authorities of West Point. Launt Thompson, who has been commissioned to execute it, has nearly completed a statuette design for it, which promises to be a very striking and truthful likeness.

The Great Exposition.

We have received the following letter from Paris, which will be the first of a series that will no doubt prove interesting:

PARIS, April 6, 1867.

That fragment of original chaos called the Paris Exposition has been touched up to human eyes. That is to say, the Emperor and Empress have walked, as per programme, through the confused and dusty corridors, and the Exposition has commenced. Commenced, officially only, for it is in no sense ready, and the opening which should have been an impressive pageant, was in fact a wretched farce. The wharf of a California steamer on sailing day may afford some faint notion of the actual condition of the great fair, which thus conveys, at the outset, a sense of disappointment, not to say failure, more damaging, probably, than any loss of prestige that might have resulted from postponing the opening until May or June. The undertaking was conceived on a grand scale, but the preparations for it, on the part of the Imperial Commissioners, although large, were by no means proportionate to the conception. The result is a great, ugly, unfinished barracks, which has been apud compared to a huge gasometer. But, in this respect, we have no right to complain, if the main objects of the Exhibition were the better subserved by making the building hideous, as it certainly is.

And here it is only right to say, that in plan the structure seems to be good in practice as well as theory. It is, as most readers of the illustrated papers have seen mapped out for them, an oval, with a garden laid out in the open space in the centre. From this centre avenues radiate, at convenient distances apart, intersecting a series of what may be called concentric corridors, each corridor being devoted to a special class of articles exhibited. Now as the space allotted to each article is bounded by lines or partitions radiating as do the avenues from the centre, like the ribs of a fan, it follows that the visitor has only to enter any special corridor, and follow it round, in order to obtain a view of all the articles exhibited by each nation in the special department to which the corridor is assigned. Thus, the fine arts occupy a continuous corridor or gallery, and the student or lover of art, so far from having to search for the objects that most interest him, among looms and sewing machines, has only to follow a single corridor to make a comparative review of all that the Exhibition presents in his department.

Again, if desirous of reviewing what any special nation presents in its various departments of production and industry, the visitor has only to follow the transverse passages intersecting the corridors, instead of the corridors themselves, and will thus become acquainted, in succession, with every department or class on exhibition by that nation.

It will be seen, therefore, that the plan of the building of the Exposition is both logical and convenient, and especially convenient at the exterior corridors, because necessarily more spacious than the interior ones, thus giving room for the more bulky articles—machinery and agricultural products. And here, in the wide space outside the building, but yet within the Champs de Mars, there is further room for dependent structures to contain what may exceed the allotted space inside, or such things as may be excluded thence.

Still, however convenient, the structure is simply repulsive. Its only redeeming, and for that matter, the only approximately finished part of it, is the garden in the central open space or court. People fond of geometrical figures will find it laid out with the same elaborate, monotonous regularity which distinguishes French ornamental gardening, and which Versailles affords so impressive and wearying an example.

It is a pity that criticism on the Exposition cannot end with contempt of its architecture and execution, and disgust at its shameful incompleteness and disorder. The worst features about it, or, rather, its worst characteristics, is that it is a complete and, in many senses, humiliating departure from its professed object and design. It is (if we can speak of a thing that only exists in its elements as a thing real) a popular show—a museum, if you like—but only in a qualified sense—a straightforward exhibition of honest art and industry. Its appeal will be, and what is worse, appears designed to be—chiefly to sightseers, gossamers, and ignorant, indifferent, and indiscriminate strollers, strange things or monstrous, such as flatter their noses against shop-windows, or go to Barnum's or to hang with the same pointless, idle curiosity. Its purpose, or that into which it has relapsed, seems to be to attract people to Paris; and, distrusting, or undervaluing popular intelligence, it relies mainly on what is useless, showy, and flaring, than on what is earnest, real, useful, and valuable, for its success. To fairly show off the industry and intelligence of the various nations to the grand jury of Christendom is a great and manly purpose, in the realization of which "the best man wins." But Americans—to bring the matter home—do not send here their minerals, their labor-saving machines, their agricultural implements, their pianos, and cereal and other products, to compete for the gaze of a stupid crowd against Hottentots and Chinese masquerading in European clothes, or against anything else monstrous or out of place. If it had been clearly understood that mermaids, children with four legs, and others with none, and animals half-horse and half-alligator, were to be the objects for exhibition, it is to be presumed our inventors and skill would have been equal to all requirements, and that the great golden medals would have fallen to us in a fair proportion for mahogany hams and wooden nutmegs. As it is, neither the United States nor England nor hard-working Belgium can hope to compete in popular favor with the enterprising gentleman who has brought here two Chinese female slaves, with feet spoliated, nor yet with his rival who parades "fashionable clothes for boys" on the back of the most diminutive specimen of almond-eyed Japanese juvenility.

We hear an expression, if not elegant, at least expressive, which may be used here with exactness: "Universal Expositions are run into the ground." Every body feels this, and thinks it, and a vast majority express it. France may gain by the present fair through the expenditure of many millions of dollars by visitors; but hardly in any other way, unless, indeed, it may prove to be a real reason, as it is certainly a present pretext, for keeping out of a war. France, we are asked to believe, does not oppose her legions to Prussia, because she will not interrupt the loving content of the grand reunion of industry and festival of peace. To preserve universal harmony, and in no respect on account of Mr. Seward, magnanimous France withdraws from Mexico. The palpable political fiasco of the past two years are to be forgotten in the enthusiasm begotten by the establishment of a miniature millennium in the Champs de Mars. But meantime the new law of conscription is going into effect behind the thin veil of the Exposition, and will call into the ranks of the army more than man for man against the combined battalions of United Germany. And the Chassepot breech-loader is being introduced at the rate of 20,000 a week, but of course without reference to the needle-gun. A truce of six months, gained in the name of peace and good-will, is a great thing, when the smoking, reeking field of Armageddon begins to open on the eyes of close and

president observers, and when the principal participant for that is to be not altogether ready for the contest.

It may be, possibly, ungracious to write in this sense and strain from a city as hospitable as this is where the tailors are on a strike lest you should get your clothes as cheaply as of yore, and where the hotels have put up their prices only fifty per cent. in recognition and honor of your arrival. Amiability, if a natural product, is not so rigorously rummaged as formerly—in short, France has conceded something in these as in other respects to common sense and the civilization of the age. Pay up, therefore, like men, Pilgrims of Peace, and be happy!

As to the American department in the Exposition, little can be said, at present, except that it is in a state of almost hopeless incompleteness. The truly action of Congress, the smallness of the appropriations made, not to add the real lack of interest which the affair excited in our country, will make our part of the show proportionately as poor as that in the Exhibition of 1854, although absolutely more extensive. The French part of the building looks less bare than the foreign, mainly because it has been filled up by stripping the shop windows of the Boulevards and fashionable streets. Exhibitors here are behindhand with their articles intended to be shown, and put in ordinary materials temporarily. They are heavily charged for the space they occupy, and are now compelled to pay for admission. This last exaction has caused great discontent, which has found some expression through the newspapers, in spite of official repression. Many of the exhibitors declare they will not pay, but leave the places they have purchased vacant.

Altogether, it is simply true to say that no one is pleased with the Exhibition. The Government is disgusted with its incompleteness, the people for this and other reasons, and the general aspiration is that this may be the end of International Expositions. Very few of the large newspapers say anything about it, and the silence is significant. But some of the smaller ones contrive to utter a groan now and then. The last I notice is in *La Petite Presse*:

"The arrival of another sovereign is announced for the end of the month. This sovereign is the negro King of Bonny, who has a palace built of the bones of his vanquished enemies, and who can give 100,000 guests, each, a human skull out of which to drink."

"The Kingdom of Bonny is situated to the north of Guinea, between the Niger and the Gulf of Benue. It is the largest State of Western Africa, with an army of 60,000 men, and 100 pieces of artillery, made in England. The population have very primitive customs, and like Europeans, particularly broiled, when they are fat."

"His Majesty the King of Bonny has eaten nobody since his visit to the London Exhibition in 1862, and the grandees of his court are becoming habituated to mutton cutlets. The people only preserve their patriarchal tastes. But, in virtue of a recent law, none of them can touch human flesh without a *sanction* pronounced by their master."

"The King brings with him a barrel of gold dust. He will be welcome."

The same paper relates the following instance of the "grand passion," as illustrated in the case of a fair and unfortunate American:

"Last night, toward morning, a young woman of perhaps twenty-five years of age, was arrested on the Boulevard Prince Eugene. Being unable to reply to questions in French and German, she was taken before the nearest commissioner of police, when through the aid of an English interpreter the following strange details were elicited:

"Animated by patriotic impulse, the young lady had served as trumpeter of a cavalry regiment in the Northern Army, during the late American war. When her regiment was mustered out, she resumed her female attire, and thanks to her exceptional beauty, obtained the position of money clerk in a hotel in New York."

"Here she became enamored of an acrobatic artist, of German origin, belonging to a foreign troupe, and became engaged to him. One day, however, the troupe suddenly quitted New York, leaving the damsel to tears and despair."

"In time she learned that her faithless lover had gone to Europe. Resuming her male attire, she determined to follow him, but having no money, entered as cabin boy in the ship *Australis*, for Hamburg. But her sex having been discovered on the passage, she was put ashore at Southampton."

"Still, full of hope and courage, she went to London, and engaged as groom in an equestrian corps. She was here some months, when she was told that her inconstant Teuton was in Paris, in the theatre of the Prince Imperial. She hastened to Paris only to be cruelly disappointed in finding that the theatre had been closed for a long time. Alone, without an asylum, without money or knowledge of any one, and unable to speak a single word of French, she had no resource but to wander alone in the streets of Paris. We are sorry to add that active steps have been taken to restore the poor woman to her country, and we sincerely hope that this is the last chapter of her sad history."

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

—The carpenter's strike, up to Wednesday, the 17th of April, had cost the strikers \$24,000—enough to have commenced a co-operative workshop, which would have placed the matter of wages out of the question.

—The sale of city property throws some light upon the advantages to be derived from being on good terms with those in authority. One of the houses in Ann street, for instance, was let by the city for \$250, the lucky man sub-letting only a portion of it for \$600.

—The *North American Review*, in its last issue, is unusually interesting. Its two articles on the railroad system of this country—one of which gives the history of the New Jersey monopolies, while the other treats of the general danger to the public of confiding too much power to the railway corporations—are both exceedingly valuable, and suggestive of the growth of public opinion in this country as tending toward the theory that the interest of the public should be the consideration upon which all government should be based. In the first of these mentions is made of the exposure by Henry C. Carey of the effect upon the prosperity of the State caused by the railroad monopoly of New Jersey, the results of which led him to change his opinions, and from being a protectionist become a free-trader. The article in the same number by A. B. Hill, upon Charles Lamb and his biographers, is most admirable in its style as well as in its views. In these days of twaddle, it is most refreshing to meet with an article like this, which shows that the author is a student, and convinced of the necessity of thinking in order to qualify himself for writing. The usual mutual admiration and business advertising portion of the number is represented by articles on Longfellow and Parton; while Mr. Bancroft and Mr. Greeley have each of them letters, in which perhaps, to their own satisfaction, they justify the accuracy of their respective historical writings.

—The following touching obituary deserves to be rescued from the passing notice of a daily paper: "James M.—— was buried from St. Stephen's Church, 28th street, on Thursday, 4th ult., in the presence of relatives, friends, and a large concourse of grateful sympathizers. His profession was that of an honorable and useful one—householder and veterinary surgeon. He leaves a great many to mourn his loss. A useful and good mechanic, his associates will long regret his absence, more especially those who came under the pale of his acquaintance; his good and kind acts will be long remembered. His death has left a great vacuum in his profession, an example to those who were present, the rising generation, and those who are yet unborn to mourn his loss."

—A party of emigrants from the South to Brazil were wrecked on the coast of Cuba, and have arrived in this city entirely destitute.

—Tammanny Hall has been sold to Mr. Charles A. Dana, and will probably become the headquarters of a Republican daily paper, of the radical stamp. There is a poetic justice in the fate of things as well as in the fortunes of men.

Foreign.

—An auction sale is advertised in London containing the drawings and prints of Stothard's designs, which were collected by the late Samuel Boardington. Among the drawings are Stothard's designs, in India ink for illustrations of Goldsmith, Johnson, Yung, Fielding, Defoe, Shakespeare and other writers, together with a collection of 2,400 prints after Stothard's pictures, contained in twelve portfolios. Large as such a collection seems, it is by no means a complete one of all Stothard's designs.

—William Edward Love, who died recently in England, was the first person who used the word *polyphonia*, instead of *ventriquist*. Mr. Love thus described his profession, in which he was exceedingly clever.

—In Paris during the Exposition, there is to meet a parliament of workmen, of all kinds, from all sections of France. Three hundred and two delegates are expected to convene, and the government has prepared a room for their meetings. The workmen all over the world could hold parliaments, and discuss subjects of more interest than those which occupy now the meetings of the bodies bearing that name, while their combined action would thus have more influence in bettering their condition than that of whole beves of politicians.

—The advocates of horse-flesh as an article of food had recently in Paris, on *mardi gras*, a procession similar to that in which the prize fatted oxen are paraded through the streets, with this difference, that horses fatted for the shambles made its attractive feature.

—The characteristic of English financial management is supposed to be stability. This, at least, is the opinion of all Englishmen, in comparing Lombard street with Wall street; but the recent disclosures of the rottenness of some of their leading banking and bill broking concerns, together with that of many of their leading railroads, show that for insistent infatuation and the obtaining of money and credit under false pretences, England takes the lead of the world. Yet still there is a solemnness of respectability in beet-eating and earnest port which decivis many.

—The excavation of the tunnel for the railway between France and Italy, through Mount Cenis, is going on with augmented rapidity. For the last two years it has been delayed on the French slope by a vein of quartz, which did not admit of an advance of more than from two to two and a half feet a day. That layer has now been got through, and one of much softer stone having succeeded, the perforating machines are able to accomplish double that distance each day. In a short time, when certain improvements shall have been effected in the machinery, from six to seven feet will be perforated every twenty-four hours. After the section now worked, a portion of schist, equally friable, will be entered on; and this has already been reached on the Italian side. The united progress will then amount to a total of thirteen feet per diem, and in four years the tunnel will be completed.

—A duel has recently been fought in Vienna between Prince Bernhard, of Solms, and Count Widen. The count had said that some of the Solms family had disgraced themselves in the recent war. The prince demanded a retraction, and the count challenged him. The duel was fought at thirty-five paces, each party to advance to a distance of ten paces. The prince had determined not to fire, and stood facing the count, who hesitated a moment, and then taking deliberate aim, fired, and shot the prince dead. The count is blamed for taking such accurate aim, but justifies himself by saying that he did not know the pistol was so accurate. The whole affair is a fit commentary upon the absurdity of the practice.

—In 1865 there was imported into England 9,400 pounds of cocculus indicus, a deleterious drug, not used as a medicine, and forbidden to be used by the brewers, who are however suspected of using it on the ale. This quantity is enough to flavor 120,000 barrels of beer.

—The Cumberland peerage is in litigation in England. The lady who claims the title appeared recently before a magistrate and a stated that a son of hers kept a stall in the Crystal Palace, and by selling the brews, she obtains higher prices for what he has to sell. As this, in her opinion, was doing business under false pretences, she asked to have him arrested, but her demand was refused.

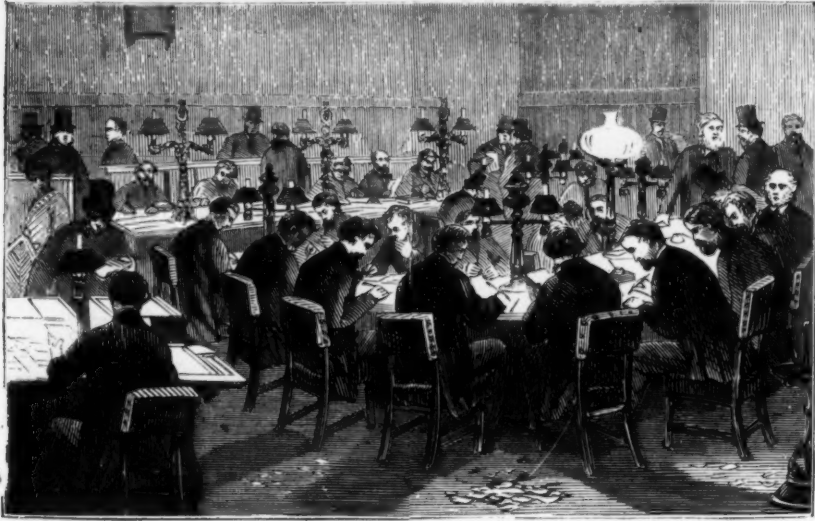
—A work is published in London with the title, "Some Habits and Customs of the Working Classes, by a Journeyman Engineer," speaking of the influence demagogues have over these classes, says that it comes principally from the education given to the children, the tendency of which is to attempt to make them scholars, instead of intelligent men.

—"D. O. M. The Triune; or, the New Religion," is the title of a new book, just published in England.

Remarkable Escape from Death.

The Haddington *Courier* relates the following extraordinary escape of a miner from a fearful death by falling down the shaft of a coal-pit near Tranent: "Messrs. Durie & Nisbet, coal lessees, in the course of their mining operations at Elphinstone, have been availing themselves of an old and now disused coal shaft, for the purpose of opening up communication with a new pit recently sunk. The shaft is 276 feet deep, and like most others which are unworked, has at the bottom a considerable accumulation of water. Mid way down the shaft, at 170 feet from the surface, a wooden staging has been erected for the purpose of admitting to a side shaft, through which communication with the new pit is sought to be obtained. This staging, which is composed of strong two-inch deals, completely intersects the downward shaft, and affords firm and secure footing for the miners when they have occasion to ascend or descend the pit. A windlass, with ropes, etc., is employed to lower the men; but on the occasion in question, one of the miners, a young man named Mylne, rather than wait for the comparatively tedious winding process, said he would "slide" the rope, an operation which consists in grasping the rope, sailor-fashion, between the hands, and swiftly lowering oneself to the bottom. His comrades, we believe, tried to dissuade him, but he was not to be advised, and had scarcely left the pit mouth when they were horrified to notice that he had lost hold of the rope. The next moment the crash of his body against the wooden staging was heard, and preparations were made to rescue the mangled remains, when a cry for assistance was heard from the very bottom of the pit. On descending, Mylne was found floating in comparative safety on the surface of the water, which filled up the bottom of the shaft. Strange as it may seem, yet it is none the less true that the rapidity of descent had propelled him through the two-inch boards as neatly as if his person had been a rifle bullet, and with about a skin injury, for not a bone was broken, and excepting a small scratch on the chin, his person did not bear the slightest mark of having come in contact with anything in the descent. Escaping, thus, an almost inevitable death, he must have been dashed to pieces at the bottom of the pit but for the presence of the water, which broke his fall; and even here his chances of life were of the most infinitesimal kind. Most providentially some wooden fixtures had been left at the sides of the pit, and across one of these the man, when he came to the surface, seems unconsciously to have thrown his arms, for it was in this position that his astonished comrades found him when they, after an expiry of more than half an hour, were enabled to render him effectual assistance. The man was immediately conveyed home quite conscious, and under the care of the medical attendant has made such rapid progress toward convalescence that he is able to walk out of doors again."

The Pictorial Spirit of the European Illustrated Press.

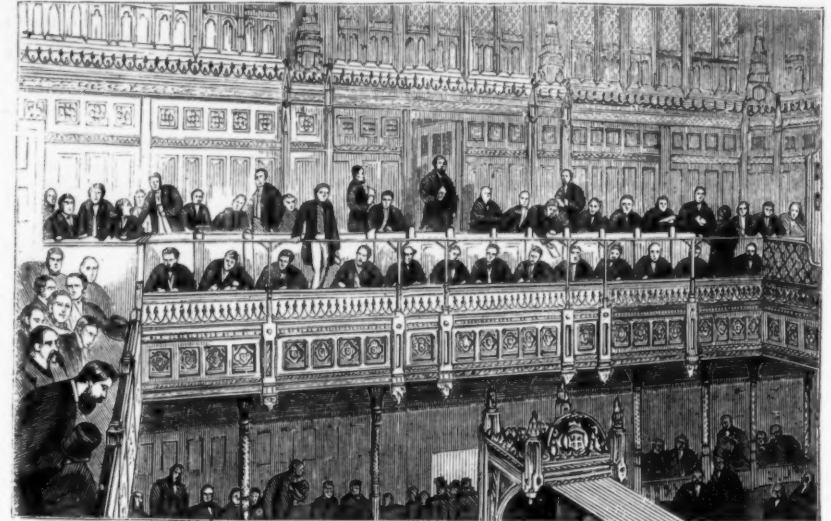


THE REPORTERS' ROOM AT THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, ENGLAND.

The Reporters' Room and Gallery in the House of Commons, London.

The reporters for the London morning and evening papers, for the second editions, and for the telegraphic

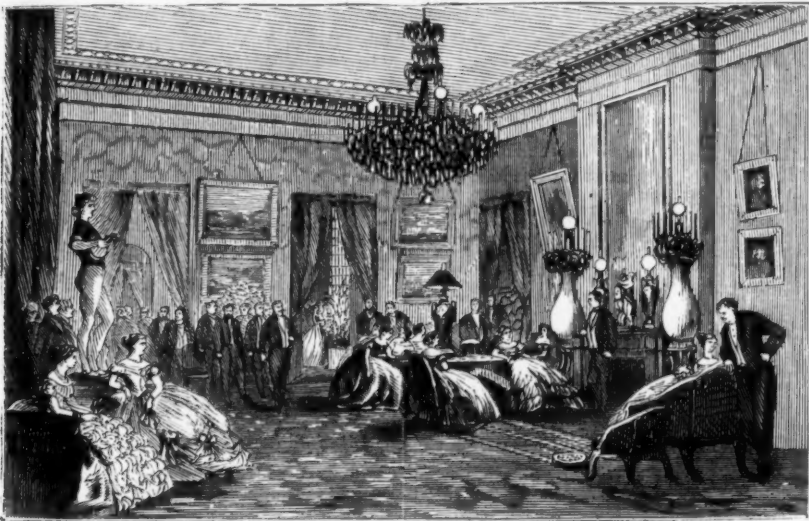
economy of the House of Commons, every box, like a pew in church, is strictly appropriated to one of the daily newspapers of London. The reporter, while taking his turn, sits in this box, and on the bench im-



THE REPORTERS' GALLERY AT THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, ENGLAND.

waiting, and listening to the speeches, till they see by the great clock at the opposite end of the House that it is time for them to come to the front and begin taking notes. The official personage sitting next the door is

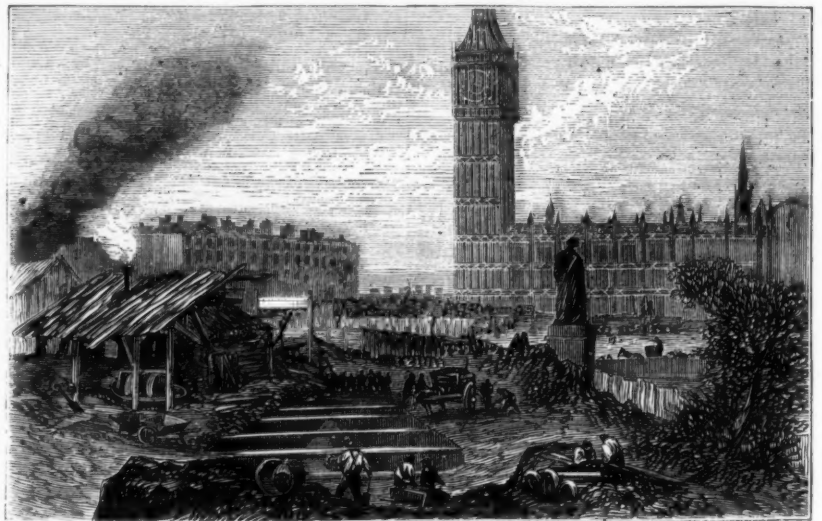
ground we catch sight of the top of the Speaker's chair, with its projecting canopy, and a crowd of members lounging at the back of it, where they can walk to and fro, or talk at their ease, without fear of being called to



RECEPTION AT THE SALON OF PRINCESS MATHILDE, PARIS.

news agents, make up a body of about 100 persons, who are privileged to have access to the gallery behind the Speaker's chair. The front of this gallery, extending

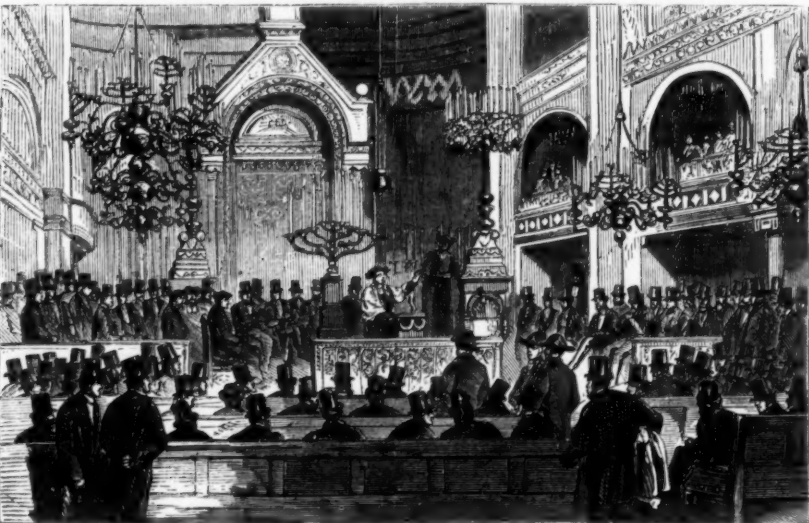
mediately behind him sits the reporter who is to be his successor, and who is ready to touch him on the shoulder and relieve him at the appointed moment. Our en-



METROPOLITAN DISTRICT RAILWAY WORKS, AT WESTMINSTER, LONDON, ENGLAND.

the usher, or messenger, who will not permit any one to enter the gallery but the recognised writers for the daily newspapers. Overhead, about twenty feet higher up the wall, is the grille or metal-work cage of the

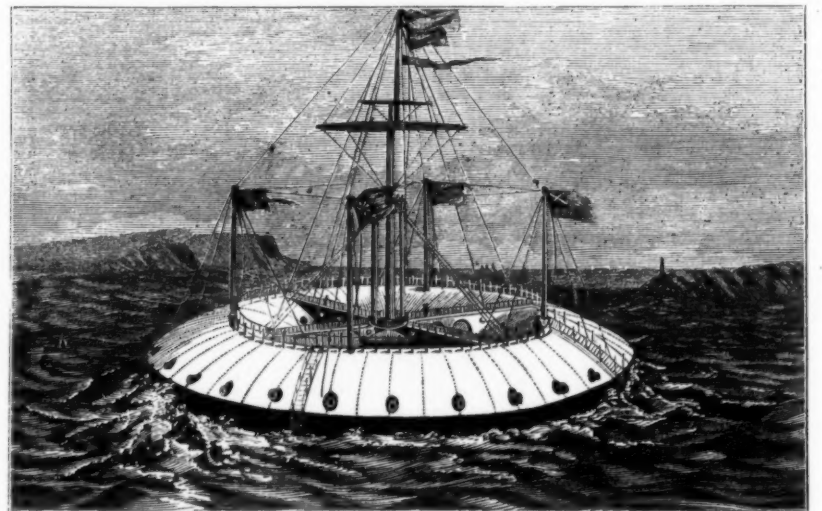
order. The Reporters' Gallery appears scarcely large enough for all who now seek admittance. An appeal was made recently to Lord John Manners, the Chief Commissioner of Works, in the House of Commons, to



INSTALLATION OF THE NEWLY-ELECTED GRAND RABBI AT THE NAZARETH SYNAGOGUE, RUE DE NOTRE DAME, PARIS.

across the upper end of the House, is divided into a number of boxes, each with a desk and seat for one person, and with a door or wicket behind the seat. By order of the Sergeant-at-Arms, who controls the internal

arranging gives a view of the Reporters' Gallery as it appears in front, with more than a dozen men busy writing in their own special boxes, one or two more in the act of stepping in from behind, and the rest sitting and



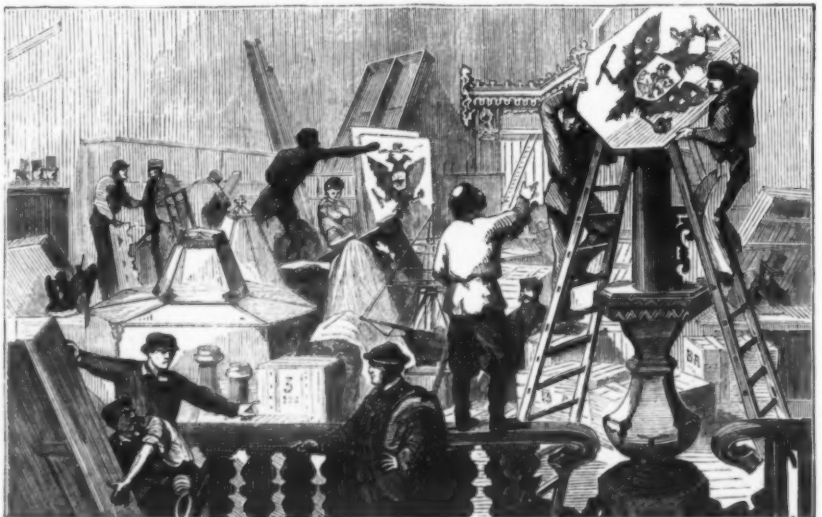
FLOATING BATTERY FOR HARBOR DEFENCE.

Ladies' Gallery. To the left hand, on a level with the reporters, is one of the side galleries belonging to members of the House, some of whom are seen looking down upon the Treasury bench. In the centre of the fore-

enlarge the gallery, for the purpose of accommodating reporters of the Dublin, Edinburgh and Glasgow daily papers, as well as those of London. It would be difficult, however, to contrive such an enlargement without



THE PORTUGUESE DEPARTMENT, PARIS EXHIBITION.



THE RUSSIAN DEPARTMENT, PARIS EXHIBITION.

encroaching on the members' side galleries; and the necessity of making room for provincial reporters is very questionable, as the Edinburgh, Glasgow and Manchester papers are supplied with telegraphic reports. It was the practice of the gallery reporters, ten or twelve years ago, to go to the offices of their respective papers, as soon as they were relieved, for the purpose of writing out their reports; and a number of cabs were constantly employed half the night in taking them to and fro, either by way of the Strand, or by Stamford street, on the Surrey side of the river, and Blackfriars Bridge, driving at full speed between Westminster and Fleet street or Printing-house square. The plan lately adopted is to write in one of the Committee rooms, in the long corridor up-stairs at the Palace of Westminster, which has been liberally placed at their disposal by the Sergeant-at-Arms. Here the reporters may be found hard at work any time between 4.40 P. M. and 2.30 A. M., on a tolerably busy night, looking pretty much as they appear in our illustration. No class of men in England do their work more punctually, or with a heartier will, or in a more honorable spirit; and no kind of work is a severer trial of the energies of brain and nerve, though it may not call for the highest exercise of intellect, than this occupation of quick and accurate reporting. The exciting scene in the House and the ever-fresh interest of whatever is going on during an animated debate—the anxiety to be up to time in taking one's turn in the gallery—the combined effort of ceaseless attention and of nimble manipulation in taking down the speaker's words—and the unremitting haste with which the report is transcribed and sent off to the printers—these circumstances make the night's work of a gallery reporter one of the most trying experiences of the London press. It is quite usual for the same man to have to take as many as three, or even four, half-hour turns in the course of the night, being kept at work ten or twelve hours at a stretch, with scarcely a few minutes' pause for rest or refreshment. Not a few of these gentlemen are busy also in the daytime, some as practicing barristers or law reporters, others engaged in literary studies or labors. They have often risen to positions of eminence in these and other departments of the general work of the world, unconnected with newspaper reporting. One, the late Lord Campbell, became Lord Chief-Justice of England; another, Mr. Charles Dickens, is the most successful of English novelists; two or three are now at the head of great commercial undertakings, such as railway companies; others have sat in the House of Commons.



SLEEPING COACH ON THE ERIE RAILWAY.—SEE PAGE 203.

The Portuguese Department at the Great Exposition, Paris.

The Portuguese department of the Great Exposition, of which we give an illustration, is rapidly advancing toward completion, and will, when finished, prove exceedingly effective.

The Russian Department at the Great Exposition, Paris.

Though the preparations for the Great Exposition were in a very backward state on the day appointed for the opening, yet no blame for tardiness can be given to Russia. From the commencement she has been foremost. The Russian houses in the park were among the first erected. The Russian section of the palace was divided off before any other, and the cases containing the goods for exhibition were in the building weeks before those of other nations—and this, too, in spite of

greater difficulties in the way of transportation than most other nations had to contend with.

Floating Battery for Harbor Defense.

This "great circular iron-clad floating gun-battery," is an invention of Mr. R. Butler, C.E., of Sydney, New South Wales. The battery is circular, or, rather, annular, in form, resembling, indeed, an ordinary life-buoy, and it floats on the water in a manner precisely similar. It is hollow, covered externally by $2\frac{1}{2}$ inch rolled armor-plates on a 6 inch backing of timber planking, with a 3 inch layer of compressed felt, sail-cloth, or other elastic material. Internally, it will have a casting of 1 inch plates, laid on transverse laminated ribs; the whole forming an arched covering of immense strength, and of the form most adapted for resisting the concussion of shot or shell. The bottom is to be of similar form, but of somewhat lighter construction. The casing, or skin, will be strengthened by massive trans-

verse frames extending right across the vessel, at intervals of about 11 feet, forming compartments, in each of which will be placed a heavy gun, a passage 6 feet wide being reserved amidships to give a thoroughfare to all parts. The inner portion of the compartments will be fitted as apartments for the gunners and crew. Below the deck each compartment will be rendered completely water-tight by means of iron-plate divisions, so that any injury to the bottom will affect but a small portion of the vessel. In these lower compartments will be carried the stores and ammunition. On the centre of what



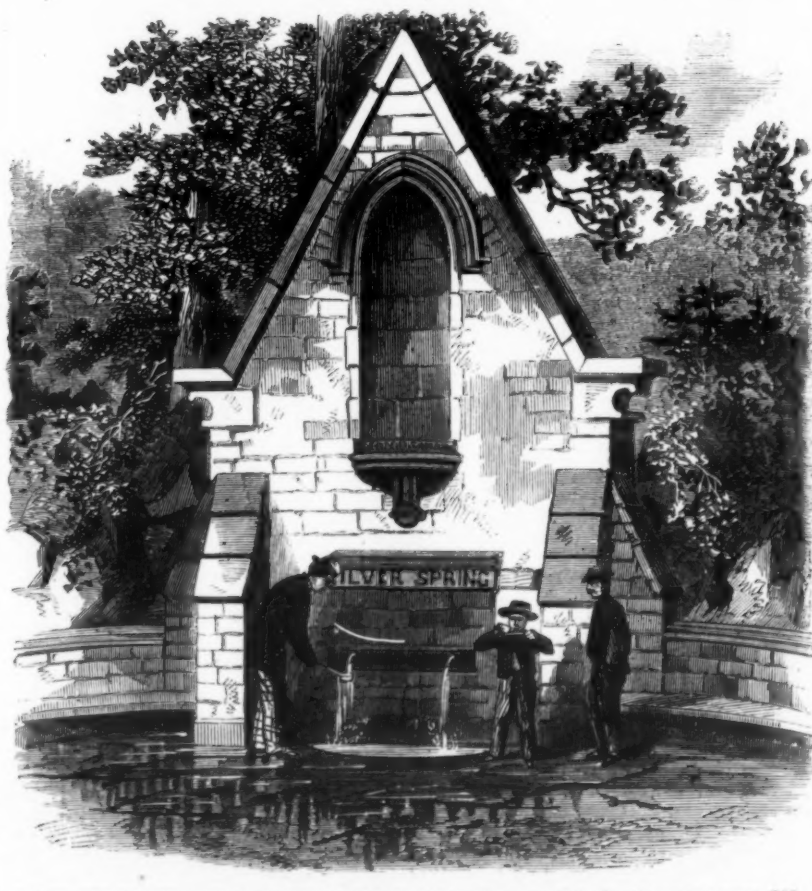
HON. ANGUS CAMERON, SPEAKER OF THE WISCONSIN ASSEMBLY.—SEE PAGE 103.

Reception in the Salon of the Princess Mathilde, Paris.

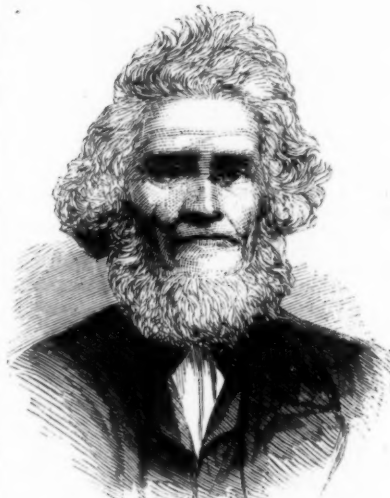
The Princess Mathilde, who is the wife of the Russian Prince Demidoff, and the cousin of the Emperor, is famous in Paris for the brilliancy of her receptions. Our illustration gives a representation of her salon, which is one of the most tastefully luxurious in Paris, the home of taste and luxury.

Installation of the Newly-Elected Grand Rabbi, at the Nazareth Synagogue, Paris.

This illustration shows the ceremony of installation of a Grand Rabbi over the Nazareth Synagogue, in Paris. France is the only European country in which the support of religion by the State is combined with perfect religious freedom. All kinds of religious faiths have a share of the money paid by the Government to support religion. There is no distinction made between the Jew, the Christian, or the Mohammedan, though Catholicism is the State religion. The only step needed in France to attain perfect freedom in religious matters, is to make the support of its services dependent upon the voluntary contributions of those professing it; or, in other words, to separate all connection between church and state, as we have done in this country.



SILVER SPRING DRINKING FOUNTAIN, AT DRUID HILL PARK, BALTIMORE, MD.—SEE PAGE 203.



HON. WYMAN SPOONER, LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR OF WISCONSIN.—SEE PAGE 103.

may be termed the roof of the battery will be constructed a narrow deck, or gallery, about 6 feet wide, with a light railing on each side, access to which is obtained by four flights of stairs at equal intervals, with companion-heads of the ordinary construction. Provision is made, however, for effectually closing these hatches with heavy iron sliding doors, worked by a simple mechanical contrivance. Adjoining each companion-head will be a small shotproof look-out turret for the captain and officers. The portholes for the guns, 24 in number, will be of the smallest dimensions consistent with efficient working; while, from the peculiar mode in which it is proposed to fight the battery, little or no lateral variation in the direction of the guns will be required. On the inner side, strongly-grated openings will be provided for the sake of ventilation, and for lighting the gunners' rooms. For a battery of this description much speed is unnecessary; but it is proposed to place at one side an engine, driving a pair of twin screws capable of propelling the vessel at the rate of five or six miles an hour, if necessary, with duplicate rudders, of a description specially designed by the inventor, and in a position free from all chance of injury by shot. On the inner side of the battery will be fitted a small screw-propeller, working at a tangent to the circle of the ship, and driven

by a small engine, so as to cause the vessel to revolve at any required speed on her own centre. This will enable each gun to be fired as it comes to bear on the object aimed at, creating a continuous and rapid discharge of the most deadly nature; the firing taking place, if need be, in the case of engaging a hostile vessel, at several points at once, the speed of rotation being regulated, according to the circumstances, by the officer in command. The smaller engine would also be applied to the raising and lowering of the anchors, which would be situated in the inner circle, so that under no circumstances would there be any exposure of the crew.

Metropolitan District Railway Works at Westminster, London.

The Metropolitan Railway in London is the underground railway. Our illustration shows the extension which will run along the new quay on the banks of the Thames, from the Houses of Parliament to London Bridge, with a station at the Temple. The theory which the London railway system is attempting to realize is that of so connecting them all, that from any station a passenger may be transferred to any other without the necessity of driving through the city. The tower seen in our illustration is the clock-tower of the Houses of Parliament.

WAITING.

SHE sits by the open door,
Waiting for him;
And her heart is sad and sore,
Waiting for him;
And the shadows on the floor
Grow till she sees no more,
Waiting for him.

When the door reluctantly
Closes on him—
Though he be very nigh,
Closes on him;
Though he may pass it by,
Lost in the dark, and lie
Down in the road to die,
Closes on him.

But she listens for his feet,
Listens for him;
And she stops the clock's sharp beat,
Listening for him;
And tea-urn's song of heat,
And the baby's prattle sweet,
Listening for him.

The evening meal is spread,
Waiting for him;
And the baby warm in bed,
Waiting for him;
And a prayer for his kiss is said,
On the cheek of dimpled red,
Waiting for him.

She sits by the door again,
Watching for him;
And the dim stars feel her pain,
Watching for him—
Whose bones on the battle plain,
Bleached in the sun and rain,
Are hid from the eyes, in vain
Watching for him.

THE LAST CHRONICLE OF BARSET.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER XVI.—DOWN AT ALLINGTON.

It was Christmas time down at Allington, and at three o'clock on Christmas Eve, just as the darkness of the early winter evening was coming on, Lily Dale and Grace Crawley were seated together, one above the other, on the steps leading up the pulpit in Allington Church. They had been working all day at the decorations of the church, and they were now looking round them at the result of their handiwork. To an eye unused to the gloom the place would have been nearly dark; but they could see every corner turned by the ivy sprigs, and every line on which the holly leaves were shining. And the greenery of the winter had not been stuck up in the old-fashioned, idle way, a bough, just fastened up here and a twig inserted there; but everything had been done with some meaning, with some thought toward the original architecture of the building. The Gothic lines had been followed, and all the lower arches which it had been possible to reach with an ordinary ladder had been turned as truly with the laurel cuttings as they had been turned originally with the stone.

"I wouldn't tie another twig," said the elder girl, "for all the Christmas pudding that was ever boiled."

"It's lucky then that there isn't another twig to tie."

"I don't know about that. I see a score of places where the work has been scamped. This is the sixth time I have done the church, and I don't think I'll ever do it again. When we first began it, Bell and I, you know—before Bell was married—Mrs. Boyce and the Boycean establishment generally, used to come and help. Or rather we used to help her. Now she hardly ever looks after it at all."

"She is older, I suppose."

"She's a little older, and a deal idler. How idle people do get! Look at him. Since he has had a curate he hardly ever stirs round the parish. And he is getting so fat that—H—ah! Here she is herself—come to give her judgment upon us."

Then a stout lady, the wife of the vicar, walked slowly up the aisle.

"Well, girls," she said, "you have worked hard, and I am sure Mr. Boyce will be very much obliged to you."

"Mr. Boyce, indeed!" said Lily Dale. "We shall expect the whole parish to rise from their seats and thank us. Why didn't Jane and Bessy come and help us?"

"They were so tired when they came in from the coal club. Besides, they don't care for this sort of thing—not as you do."

"Jane is utilitarian to the backbone, I know," said Lily, "and Bessy doesn't like getting up ladders."

"As for ladders," said Mrs. Boyce, defending her daughter, "I am not quite sure that Bessy isn't right. You don't mean to say that you did all those in the capitals yourself?"

"Every twig, with Hopkins to hold the ladder and cut the sticks; and as Hopkins is just a hundred and one years old, we could have done it pretty nearly as well alone."

"I do not think that," said Grace.

"He has been grumbling all the time," said Lily, "and swears he never will have the laurels so robbed again. Five or six years ago he used to declare that death would certainly save him from the pain of such another desecration before the next Christmas; but he has given up that foolish notion now, and talks as though he meant to protect the Allington shrubs at any rate to the end of this century."

"I am sure we gave our share from the parsonage," said Mrs. Boyce, who never understood a joke.

"All the best came from the parsonage, as of course they ought," said Lily. "But Hopkins had to make up the deficiency. And as my uncle told him to take the haycart for them instead of the hand-barrow, he is broken-hearted."

"I am sure he was very good-natured," said Grace.

"Nevertheless he is broken-hearted; and I am very good-natured too, and I am broken-backed. Who is going to preach to-morrow morning, Mrs. Boyce?"

"Mr. Swanton will preach in the morning."

"Tell him not to be long, because of the children's pudding. Tell Mr. Boyce if he is long, we won't any of us come next Sunday."

"My dear, how can you say such wicked things! I shall not tell him anything of the kind."

"That's not wicked, Mrs. Boyce. If I were to say I had eaten so much lunch that I didn't want any dinner, you'd understand that. If Mr. Swanton will preach for three-quarters of an hour—"

"He only preached for three-quarters of an hour once, Lily."

"He has been over the half-hour every Sunday since he has been here. His average is over forty minutes, and I say it's a shame."

"It is not a shame at all, Lily," said Mrs. Boyce, becoming very serious.

"Look at my uncle; he doesn't like to go to sleep, and has to suffer a purgatory in keeping himself awake."

"If your uncle is heavy, how can Mr. Swanton help it? If Mr. Dale's mind were on the subject, he would not sleep."

"Come, Mrs. Boyce; there's somebody else sleeps sometimes besides my uncle. When Mr. Boyce puts up his finger and just touches his nose, I know as well as possible why he does it."

"Lily Dale, you have no business to say so. It is not true. I don't know how you can bring yourself to talk in that way of your own clergyman. If I were to tell your mamma she would be shocked."

"You won't be so ill-natured, Mrs. Boyce, after all that I have done for the church."

"If you'd think more about the clergyman, Lily, and less about the church," said Mrs. Boyce, very sententially, "more about the matter and less about the manner, more of the reality and less of the form, I think you'd find that your religion would go further with you. Miss Crawley is the daughter of a clergyman, and I'm sure she'll agree with me."

"If she agrees with anybody in scolding me I'll quarrel with her."

"I didn't mean to scold you, Lily."

"I don't mind it from you, Mrs. Boyce. Indeed, I rather like it. It is a sort of pastoral visitation; and as Mr. Boyce never scolds me himself, of course I take it as coming from him by attorney." Then there was silence for a minute or two, during which Mrs. Boyce was endeavoring to discover whether Miss Dale was laughing at her or not. As she was not quite certain, she thought at last that she would let the suspected fault pass unobserved. "Don't wait for us, Mrs. Boyce," said Lily. "We must remain till Hopkins has sent Gregory to sweep the church out and take away the rubbish. We'll see that the key is left at Mrs. Giles's."

"Thank you, my dear. Then I may as well go. I thought I'd come in and see that it was all right. I'm sure Mr. Boyce will be very much obliged to you and Miss Crawley. Good-night, my dear."

"Good-night, Mrs. Boyce; and be sure you don't let Mr. Swanton be long to-morrow." To this parting shot Mrs. Boyce made no rejoinder; but she hurried out of the church somewhat the quicker for it, and closed the door after her with something of a slam.

Of all persons clergymen are the most irrevocable in the handling of things supposed to be sacred, and next to them clergymen's wives, and after them those other ladies, old or young, who take upon themselves semi-clerical duties. And it is natural that it should be so; for it is not said that familiarity does breed contempt? When a parson takes his lay friend over his church on a week day, how much less of the spirit of consecration and head-uncovering the clergyman will display than the layman! The parson pulls about the woodwork and knocks about the stonework, as though it were mere wood and stone; and talks aloud in the aisle, and treats even the reading-desk as a common thing; whereas the visitor whispers gently, and carries himself as though even in looking at a church he was bound to regard himself as performing some service that was half divine. Now, Lily Dale and Grace Crawley were both accustomed to churches, and had been so long at work in this church for the last two days that the building had lost to them much of

its sacredness, and they were almost as irreverent as though they were two curates.

"I am so glad she has gone," said Lily. "We shall have to stop here for the next hour, as Gregory won't know what to take away and what to leave. I was so afraid she was going to stop and see us off the premises."

"I don't know why you should dislike her."

"I don't dislike her. I like her very well," said Lily Dale. "But don't you feel that there are people whom one knows very intimately, who are really friends, for whom if they were dying one would grieve, whom if they were in misfortune one would go far to help, but with whom for all that one can have no sympathy? And yet they are so near to one that they know all the events of one's life, and are justified by unquestionable friendship in talking about things which should never be mentioned except where sympathy exists."

"Yes; I understand that."

"Everybody understands it who has been unhappy. That woman sometimes says things to me that make me wish—wish that they'd make him bishop of Patagonia. And yet she does it all in friendship, and mamma says that she is quite right."

"I like her for standing up for her husband."

"But he does go to sleep—and then he scratches his nose to show that he's awake. I shouldn't have said it, only she's always hinting at Uncle Christopher. Uncle Christopher certainly does go to sleep when Mr. Boyce preaches, and he hasn't studied any scientific little movements during his slumbers to make the people believe that he's all alive. I gave him a hint one day, and he got so angry with me!"

"I shouldn't have thought he could have been angry with you. It seems to me from what you say that you may do whatever you please with him."

"He is very good to me. If you knew it all—if you could understand how good he has been! I'll try and tell you some day. It is not what he has done that makes me love him so, but what he has thoroughly understood, and what, so understanding, he has not done, and what he has not said. It is a case of sympathy. If ever there was a gentleman, Uncle Christopher was one. And I used to dislike him so, at one time!"

"And why?"

"Chiefly because he would make me wear brown frocks when I wanted to have them pink or green. And he kept me for six months from having them long, and up to this day he scolds me if there is half an inch on the ground for him to tread upon."

"I shouldn't mind that, if I were you."

"I don't—not now. But I used to be serious when I was a young girl. And we thought, Bell and I, that he was cross to mamma. He and mamma didn't agree at first, you know, as they do now. It is quite true that he did dislike mamma when we first came here."

"I can't think how anybody could ever dislike Mrs. Dale."

"But he did. And then he wanted to make up a marriage between Bell and my cousin Bernard. But neither of them cared a bit for the other, and then he used to scold them—and then—and then—and then—oh, he was so good to me! Here's Gregory at last. Gregory, we've been waiting this hour and a half."

"It ain't ten minutes since Hopkins let me come with the barrows, miss."

"Then Hopkins is a traitor. Never mind. You'd better begin now—up there at the steps. It'll be quite dark in a few minutes. Here's Mrs. Giles with her broom. Come, Mrs. Giles, we shall have to pass the night here if you don't make haste. Are you cold, Grace?"

"No; I'm not cold. I'm thinking what they are doing now in the church at Hoggstock."

"The Hoggstock church is not pretty—like this?"

"Oh, no it's a very plain brick building, with something like a pigeon-house for a bell-r. And the pulpit is over the reading-desk, and the reading-desk over the clerk, so that papa, when he preaches, is nearly up to the ceiling. And the whole place is divided into pews, in which the farmers hide themselves when they come to church."

"So that nobody can see whether they go to sleep or no. Oh, Mrs. Giles, you mustn't pull that down. That's what we have been putting up all day."

"But it be in the way, miss, so that the minister can't budge in or out of the door."

"Never mind. Then he must stay one side or the other. That would be too much after all our trouble."

And Miss Dale hurried across the chancel to save some pretty arching boughs, which, in the judgment of Mrs. Giles, encroached too much on the vestry floor.

"As if it signified which side he was," she said, in a whisper to Grace.

"I don't suppose they'll have anything in the church at home," said Grace.

"Somebody will stick up a wreath or two, I dare say."

"Nobody will. There never is anybody at Hoggstock to stick up wreaths, or to do anything for the prettiness of life. And now there will be less done than ever. How can mamma look after holly-leaves in her present state? And yet she will miss them, too. Poor mamma sees very little that is pretty; but she has not forgotten how pleasant pretty things are."

"I wish I knew your mother, Grace."

"I think it would be impossible for any one to know mamma now—for any one who had not known her before. She never makes even a new acquaintance. She seems to think that there is nothing left for her in the world but to try and keep papa out of misery. And she does not succeed in that. Poor papa!"

"Is he very unhappy about this wicked accusa-

"Yes, he is very unhappy. But, Lily, I don't know about it's being wicked."

"But you know that it is untrue."

"Of course I know that papa did not mean to take anything that was not his own. But, you see, nobody knows where it came from; and nobody, except mamma and Jane and I understand how very absent papa can be. I'm sure he doesn't know the least in the world how he came by it himself, or he would tell mamma. Do you know, Lily, I think I have been wrong to come away?"

"Don't say that, dear. Remember how anxious Mrs. Crawley was that you should come."

"But I cannot bear to be comfortable here, while they are so wretched at home. It seems such a mockery. Every time I find myself smiling at what you say to me, I think I must be the most heartless creature in the world."

"Is it so very bad with them, Grace?"

"Indeed, it is bad. I don't think you can imagine what mamma has to go through. She has to cook all that is eaten in the house, and then very often there is no money in the house to buy anything. If you were to see the clothes she wears, even that would make your heart bleed. I who have been used to being poor all my life—even I, when at home, am dismayed by what she has to endure."

"What can we do for her, Grace?"

"You can do nothing, Lily. But when things are like that at home you can understand what I feel in being here."

Mrs. Giles and Gregory had now completed their task, or had so nearly done so as to make Miss Dale think that she might safely leave the church.

"We will go in now," she said; "for it is dark and cold, and what I call creepy. Do you ever fancy that perhaps you will see a ghost some day?"

"I don't think I shall ever see a ghost; but all the same I should be half afraid to be here alone in the dark."

"I am often here alone in the dark, but I am beginning to think I shall never see a ghost now. I am losing all my romance, and getting to be an old woman. Do you know, Grace, I do so hate myself for being such an old maid."

"But who says you are an old maid, Lily?"

"I see it in people's eyes, and hear it in their voices. And they all talk to me as if I were very steady, and altogether removed from anything like fun and frolic. It seems to be admitted that if a girl does not want to fall in love, she ought not to care for any other fun in the world. If anybody made out a list of the old ladies in these parts, they'd put down Lady Julia, and mamma, and Mrs. Boyce, and me, and old Mrs. Hearne. The very children have an awful respect for me, and give over playing directly they see me. Well, mamma, we've done at last, and I have had such a scolding from Mrs. Boyce."

"I dare say you deserved it, my dear."

"No, I did not, mamma. Ask Grace if I did."

"Was she not saucy to Mrs. Boyce, Miss Crawley?"

"She said that Mr. Boyce scratches his nose in church," said Grace.

"So he does; and go to sleep, too."

"If you told Mrs. Boyce that, Lily, I think she was quite right to scold you."

Such was Miss Lily Dale, with whom Grace Crawley was staying; Lily Dale with whom Mr. John Eames, of the Income-tax Office, had been so long and so steadily in love, that he was regarded among his fellow-clerks as a miracle of constancy; who had herself, in former days, being so unfortunate in love as to have been regarded among her friends in the country as the most ill-used of women. As John Eames had been able to be comfortable in life—that is to say, not utterly a wretch—in spite of his love, so had she managed to hold up her head and live as other young women live, in spite of her misfortune. But, as it may be said, also, that his constancy was true constancy, although he knew how to enjoy the good things of the world, so also had her misfortune been a true misfortune, although she had been able to bear it without much outer show of shipwreck. For a few days—for a week or two, when the blow first struck her, she had been knocked down, and the friends who were nearest to her had thought that she would never again stand erect upon her feet. But she had been very strong, stout at heart, of a fixed purpose, and capable of resistance against oppression. Even her own mother had been astonished and sometimes almost dismayed by the strength of her will. Her mother knew well how it was with her now: but they who saw her frequently, and who did not know her as her mother knew her—the Mrs. Boyces of her acquaintance—whispered among themselves that Lily Dale was not so soft of heart as people used to think.

On the next day, Christmas Day, as the reader will remember, Grace Crawley was taken up to dine at the big house with the old squire. Mrs. Dale's eldest daughter, with her husband, Dr. Crofts, was to be there; and also Lily's old friend, who was also the especial friend of Johnny Eames, Lady Julia de Guest. Grace had endeavored to be excused from the party, pleading many pleas. But the upshot of all her pleas was this: that, while her father's position was so painful, she ought not to go out anywhere. In answer to this, Lily Dale, corroborated by her mother, assured her that, for her father's sake, she ought not to exhibit any such feeling; that in doing so she would seem to express a doubt as to her father's innocence. Then she allowed herself to be persuaded, telling her friend, however, that she knew the day would be very miserable to her.

"It will be very humdrum, if you please," said Lily. "Nothing can be more humdrum than Christmas at the Great House. Nevertheless, you must go."

Coming out of church, Grace was introduced to the old squire. He was a thin old man, with gray hair, and the smallest possible gray whiskers, with

a dry, solemn face, not carrying in his outward gait much of the customary jollity of Christmas. He took off his hat to her, and said some word to her as to hoping to have the pleasure of seeing her at dinner. It sounded very cold to her, and she became at once afraid of him.

"I wish I was not going," she said to Lily, again. "I know he thinks I ought not to go. I shall be so thankful if you will but let me stay."

"Don't be foolish, Grace. It all comes from your not knowing him or understanding him. And how should you understand him? I give you my word that I would tell you if I did not know that he wishes you to go."

She had to go. "Of course I haven't a dress fit. How should I?" she said to Lily. "How wrong it is of me to put myself up to such a thing as this."

"Your dress is beautiful, child. We are none of us going in evening-dresses. Pray believe that I will not make you do wrong. If you won't trust me, can't you trust mamma?"

Of course she went. When the three ladies entered the drawing-room of the Great House, they found that Lady Julia had arrived just before them. Lady Julia immediately took hold of Lily and led her apart, having a word or two to say about the clerk in the income-tax office. I am not sure but what the dear old woman sometimes said a few more words than were expedient, with a view to the object which she had so closely at heart.

"John is to be with us the first week in February," she said. "I suppose you'll see him before that, as he'll probably be with his mother a few days before he comes to me."

"I dare say we shall see him quite in time, Lady Julia," said Lily.

"Now, Lily, don't be ill-natured."

"I'm the most good-natured young woman alive, Lady Julia; and as for Johnny, he is always made as welcome at the Small House as violets in March. Mamma puffs about him when he comes, asking all manner of flattering questions as though he were a cabinet minister at least, and I always admire some little knickknack that he has got, a new ring, or a stud, or a button. There isn't another man in all the world whose buttons I'd look at."

"It isn't his buttons, Lily."

"Ah, that's just it. I can go as far as his buttons. But come, Lady Julia, this is Christmas time, and Christmas should be a holiday."

In the meantime, Mrs. Dale was occupied with her married daughter and her son-in-law, and the squire had attached himself to poor Grace.

"You have never been in this part of the country before, Miss Crawley?" he said.

"No, sir."

"It is rather pretty just about here, and Guestwick Manor is a fine place in its way, but we have not so much natural beauty as you have in Barsetshire. Chaldicote Chase is, I think, as pretty as anything in England."

"I never saw Chaldicote Chase, sir. It isn't pretty at all at Hoggstock, where we live."

"Ah, I forgot. No, it is not very pretty at Hoggstock. That's where the bricks come from."

"Papa is clergyman at Hoggstock."

"Yes, yes; I remember. Your father is a great scholar. I have often heard of him. I am so sorry he should be distressed by this charge they have made. But it will all come right at the assizes. They always get at the truth there. I used to be intimate with a clergyman in Barsetshire of the name of Grantly—Grace felt that her ears were tingling, and that her face was red—"Archdeacon Grantly. His father was bishop of the diocese."

"Yes, sir. Archdeacon Grantly lives at Plumstead."

"I was staying once with an old friend of mine, Mr. Thorne, of Ullathorne, who lives close to Plumstead, and saw a good deal of them. I remember thinking Henry Grantly was a very nice lad. He married afterward."

"Yes, sir, but his wife is dead now, and he has got a little girl—Edith Grantly."

"Is there no other child?"

"No, sir; only Edith."

"You know him, then?"

"Yes, sir; I know Major Grantly—and Edith. I never saw Archdeacon Grantly."

"Then, my dear, you never saw a very famous pillar of the church. I remember when people used to talk a great deal about Archdeacon Grantly; but when his time came to be made a bishop, he was not sufficiently now-fangled, and so he got passed by. He is much better off as he is, I should say. Bishops have to work very hard, my dear."

"Do they, sir?"

"So they tell me. And the archdeacon is a wealthy man. So Henry Grantly has got an only daughter? I hope she is a nice child, for I remember liking him well."

"She is a very nice child, indeed, Mr. Dale. She could not be nicer. And she is so lovely."

Then Mr. Dale looked into his young companion's face, struck by the sudden animation of her words, and perceived for the first time that she was very pretty.

After this Grace became accustomed to the strangeness of the faces round her, and managed to eat her dinner without much perturbation of spirit. When, after dinner, the squire proposed to her that she should drink the health of her papa and mamma, she was almost reduced to tears, and yet she liked him for doing it. It was terrible to her to have them mentioned, knowing as she did that every one who mentioned them must be aware of their misery, for the misfortune of her father had become notorious in the country; but it was almost more terrible to her that no allusion should be made to them, for then she would be driven to think that her father was a man whom the world could not afford to mention.

"Papa and mamma," she just murmured, raising her glass to her lips.

"Grace, dear," said Lily, from across the table, "here's papa and mamma, and the young man at Marlborough, who is carrying everything before him."

"Yes; we mustn't forget the young man at Marlborough," said the squire.

Grace felt this to be good-natured, because her brother at Marlborough was the one bright spot in her family, and she was comforted.

"And we will drink the health of my friend, John Eames," said Lady Julia.

"John Eames's health," said the squire, in a low voice.

"Johnny's health," said Mrs. Dale; but Mrs. Dale's voice was not very brisk.

"John's health," said Dr. Crofts and Mrs. Crofts, in a breath.

"Here's the health of Johnny Eames," said Lily; and her voice was the clearest and the boldest of them all.

But she had made up her mind that if Lady Julia could not be induced to spare her for the future, she and Lady Julia must quarrel.

"No one can understand," she said to her mother that evening, "how dreadful it is, this being constantly told, before one's family and friends, that one ought to marry a certain young man."

"She didn't say that, my dear."

"I should much prefer that she should, for then I could get up on my legs and answer her off the reel. Of course everybody there understood what she meant—including old John Bates, who stood at the sideboard and coolly drank the toast himself."

"He always does that to all the family toasts on Christmas Day. Your uncle likes it."

"That wasn't a family toast, and John Bates had no right to drink it."

After dinner they all played at cards—a round game—and the squire put in the stakes.

"Now, Grace," said Lily, "you are the visitor and you must win, or else Uncle Christopher won't be happy. He always likes a young lady visitor to win."

"But I never played a game of cards in my life."

"Go and sit next to him and he'll teach you. Uncle Christopher, won't you teach Grace Crawley? She never saw a Pope Joan board in her life before."

"Come here, my dear, and sit next to me. Dear, dear! Fancy Henry Grantly having a little girl! What a handsome lad he was! And it seems only yesterday!"

If it was so that Lily had said a word to her uncle about Grace and the major, the old squire had become on a sudden very shy. Be that as it may, Grace Crawley thought that he was a pleasant old man; and though, while talking to him about Edith, she persisted in not learning to play Pope Joan, so that he could not contrive that she should win, nevertheless the squire took to her very kindly, and told her to come up with Lily and see him sometimes while she was staying at the Small House. The squire, in speaking of his sister-in-law's cottage, always called it the Small House.

"Only think of my winning," said Lady Julia, drawing together her waltz. "Well, I'm sure I want it bad enough; for I don't know at all whether I've got any income of my own. It's all John Eames's fault, my dear; for he won't go and make those people settle it in Lincoln's Inn Fields."

Poor Lily, who was standing on the hearth-rug, touched her mother's arm. She knew that Lady Julia's name was lugged in with reference to Lily's money altogether for her benefit.

"I wonder whether she ever had a Johnny of her own?" she said to her mother; "and, if so, whether she liked it when her friends sent the town-crier round to talk about him?"

"She means to be good-natured," said Mrs. Dale.

"Of course she does. But it is such a pity when people won't understand."

"My uncle didn't bite you after all, Grace," said Lily to her friend, as they were going home at night by the pathway which led from the garden of one house to the garden of the other.

"I like Mr. Dale very much," said Grace. "He was very kind to me."

"There is some queer-looking animal of whom they say that he is better than he looks, and I always think of that saying when I think of my uncle."

"For shame, Lily!" said her mother. "Your uncle, for his age, is as good a looking man as I know. And he always looks like just what he is—an English gentleman."

"I didn't mean to say a word against his dear old face and figure, mamma; but his heart and mind and general disposition, as they come out in experience and days of trial, are so much better than the samples of them which he puts on the counter for men and women to judge by. He wears well, and he washes well—if you know what I mean, Grace."

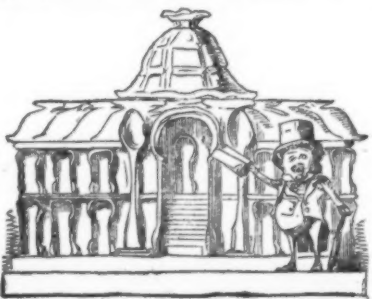
"Yes, I think I know what you mean."

"The Apollos of the world—I don't mean in outward looks, mamma, but the Apollos in heart—the men—and the women, too—who are so full of feeling, so soft-natured, so kind; who never say a cross word, who never get out of bed on the wrong side in the morning—it so often turns out that they won't wash."

Such was the expression of Miss Lily Dale's experience.

THE DESIGNS FOR THE NEW POST OFFICE.

NOW THAT the dry old cistern at the lower end of the City Hall Park has been handed over to the Government as a site for the New Post-Office, it will be interesting to our readers to have a glimpse of the designs already sent in by some of our leading architects for that structure. The accompanying wood-cuts have been copied with fidelity from these designs, a few words of explanation concerning which we herewith supply for the information of the patient public.

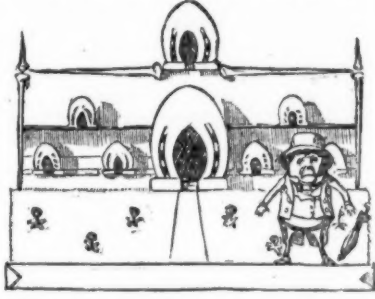


No. 1, designed by Mr. Diaper, is correctly described in the specification annexed to it as belonging to the

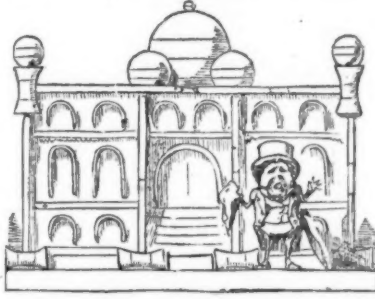
sugar-tongs order of architecture. It has "a recommendation. One of these is that St. Valentine's Day in each year would bring an augmented assortment of sweet things to the mouth of a post-office belonging to the sugar-tongs persuasion. There are mischiefs of quite another sort daily transmitted through a post-office which no person of properly constituted mind would touch save with a tongue; and this, as Mr. Diaper justly remarks, gives a great deal of suggestive force to the style of architecture adopted by him. We think, therefore, that the Government could not do better than accept Mr. Diaper's design.



The general coup d'œil offered by design No. 2, is a little startling, at first, and would naturally strike the observer as being the work of an incendiary. It was furnished, nevertheless, by Mr. R. M. Hunt, who specifies it as belonging to the wax-candle order of architecture. It is true, as this clever architect remarks in his specification, that we no longer use sealing-wax for the security of our letters, but then, as he sagaciously adds, wax-candle columns will have the advantage of being light and taper in form. The thing would be more complete, though, in our judgment, if Mr. Hunt would more thoroughly carry out the wax idea by placing over the archway of his design a wax figure of Justice cutting out postage-stamps with her sword with one hand, while she weighs them in her scales with the other. Should our suggestion be adopted, we shall advise the Government certainly by all means to accept the admirable design of Mr. R. M. Hunt. The matter is one in which we conceive that we have a right to advise the Government, seeing that our outlay for postage-stamps amounts to the nice little sum of \$250,000 a year.



Of design No. 3, which has been furnished by Messrs. Reid & Griffiths, it would not be proper to speak at large without long and profound consideration. These gentlemen, it may not be generally known, are the architects of the aerial iron trolley that spans the city of New York, just where the street of Fulton discharges its heterogeneous elements into the lap of that thoroughfare. Iron appears to have completely taken possession of the joint soul of Messrs. Reid & Griffiths, and hence the design offered by them belongs to the Gothic horse-shoe style of architecture. It is a pity that the name of the Goth who invented that style has been lost to posterity. It is understood that the Fourth Avenue Railroad Company, with that liberality by which all its actions are characterized, has offered to contribute the slices of all its horses that have died since its incorporation toward the building of the new Post-Office, should the design sent in by Messrs. Reid & Griffiths be accepted. To one way of thinking, the design is a very felicitous one. The horse-shoe brings good luck. Iron suggests force; and it is no irony on our part to say that, if the authorities know what they are about, they will not hesitate for a moment to secure the design and services of the gentlemen with whom the idea of a Gothic horse-shoe Post-Office originated.

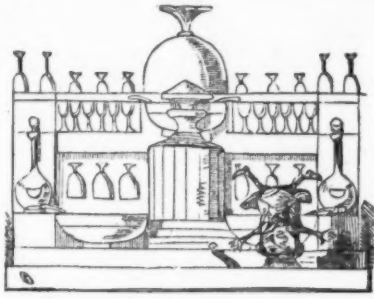


The fashionable game of croquet has furnished Mr. Jacob Wrey Mould with the idea for design No. 4, which that gentleman classifies as representing an order of architecture entirely new and original. There are certain drawbacks connected with this Croquet-style which may give rise to some croakings. Hypercritical persons will probably object to having the serious down-town business of life mixed up with a frivolous game like croquet. They are opposed to having their post-office, like their mutton, served up with a game flavor. Now, in our opinion, Mr. Mould has hit the halcyon right right hoon by his introduction of the mallet as an architectural device. Clever as the wax-candles of design No. 2 certainly are, we do not think that they would, for a moment, stand comparison with this Mould. The velvet lawn upon which croquet is played is, as most persons are aware, a capital field for flirtation, and it will be a thing worth the deep consideration of the Government whether a post-office built in the croquet style would not tend greatly to augment the postal revenue of the country by the great increase of love correspondence to which it would give rise. Therefore the Government will do well to mould its decision according to the plans of Mr. Mould.



Design No. 5, which is the result of much midnight kerosene expended by Mr. F. B. Wight, is an excellent

example of the telescopic, or double-barreled barnacle order of architecture. Mr. Wight is the gentleman to whom art owes so much for the National Academy of Design, the idea of which distracting beautiful edifice was suggested to him by a dream, in which he imagined himself a champion chess-player condemned for a number of years to play nothing but "koler," and that with a pack of pictorial cards. The introduction of the telescope in this gentleman's design is, as we think, a very happy bit. Silence is a great desideratum in a vast department like a general post-office, and the constant presence of the telescope will teach noisy people that they had better shut up. Should the Government happen to get into a fog, then, with regard to these various designs, we would advise them to clear it off by sweeping the horizon with Mr. Wight's telescope.



Last, though by no means least, comes design No. 6—the production of our own team, and obviously to be classed as belonging to the bottle-and-glass order of architecture. Severity in architecture is apt to render the nation suffering under it morose, gloomy, and despondent. Many of our public buildings resemble institutions for the promotion of suicide. Our porticoes are cloisters in which pale Melancholy broods, and sad merchants stand up to have their shoes blacked. Is this wise? Is it human? Is it right? We reply in the negative to each of these queries, and we say proudly that the Government will confer a blessing on American human nature by at once adopting our bid for a jolly City Post-Office, the design of which will be calculated to banish wrinkles from the brow of care and prompt a succession of "smiles."

HON. ANCUS CAMERON.

HON. ANCUS CAMERON, who has recently come prominently before the public as the successful candidate for Speaker of the lower House of the Wisconsin Legislature, was born in Caledonia, Livingston county, New York, in the year 1827. Speaker Cameron completed his collegiate course at Genesee College, and after studying law for several years in the City of Buffalo, was admitted to the bar of that city. In the year 1857 he moved to the State of Wisconsin, and located in the City of La Crosse. In 1862 he was elected to represent the counties of La Crosse and Monroes in the State Senate for the years 1863 and 1864. In 1866 he was a Member of the Assembly from the City of La Crosse, and Chairman of the Committee on Judiciary. He was re-elected to represent the same district for 1867, and on the 9th day of January was elected Speaker of the Assembly.

HON. WYMAN SPOONER.

HON. WYMAN SPOONER, Lieutenant-Governor of Wisconsin, and ex-officio President of the State Senate, was born in Worcester, Massachusetts, in the year 1798, and received his education in the Vermont Journal office in which he served a full apprenticeship, and labored until he reached the age of twenty-one years, when he purchased an interest in the office, and became its editor and publisher, and carried on the business for ten years. At the age of thirty-one he commenced the study of law in the office of Hon. D. A. A. Buck, and after the usual course was admitted to the bar. In 1826 he removed to Stark county, Ohio, and while there held the office of Prosecuting Attorney and School Superintendent. In 1832 he again changed his location, and settled in Walworth county, Wisconsin, where soon after he was elected Judge of Probate. In 1831 he was elected a Member of the Assembly from that county. In 1832 he was re-elected to the Assembly. In 1833 he was appointed Judge of the First Judicial Circuit. In 1835 he was again elected to the Assembly, and made Speaker of that body. In 1831 he was elected State Senator for the Twelfth District, and was President pro tem. of the Senate. In 1834 he was called to act as Lieutenant-Governor, and became ex-officio President of the State Senate; this position he filled with such ability, that the Union party re-nominated him by acclamation for the same position, and he was re-elected by a largely increased majority. Governor Spooner is now sixty-nine years of age, in the enjoyment of all his faculties, and is recognized as a leader among his political friends.

Sleeping-Coach of the Erie Railroad.

THESE coaches are eleven feet wide, sixty-seven long, and nine high. They are ventilated from the top, the air passing through a fountain of water before entering the car, so as to insure a perfect freedom from dust. These coaches are fitted up with staterooms, dressing-rooms, and other conveniences, and have porters to attend to the wants of the passengers. The beds are made freshly every day, and it would seem as though the perfection of night railway-traveling had been reached in them. Four or five of these coaches leave every evening on the night express train, so that the traveler can go to bed in New York and wake in Cleveland, which is almost realizing the fairy stories of his youth.

Silver Spring Drinking-Fountain, at Druid Hill Park, Baltimore.

THIS drinking-fountain forms one of the ornaments of Druid Hill, the Central Park of Baltimore, Maryland. The practical common sense which suggests placing such public conveniences in places of public resort cannot be too much commended, and its application can be greatly extended, to the further advantage of the public. The civilization of America in these respects is at the lowest point. Every small city in Europe has always its public park, where music can be enjoyed in the open air, and where the people go for recreation. In this country any such provision for the public good is an exception. Here we are all expected to pass life in working for the means to enjoy life at some future time, instead of doing so now. The truth of the proverb, "all work and no play," is, in consequence, proved nowhere more than in this country.

DEATH.—The great revealer, Death, alone holds the key to the solution of the impenetrable mystery between mind and matter, soul and body.

THE MANUFACTURE OF GREENBACKS AND CURRENCY AT THE U. S. TREASURY



U. S. TREASURY BUILDING AT WASHINGTON, D. C.

THE MANUFACTURE OF GREENBACKS.

Our series of Illustrations will show the process of manufacturing greenbacks at Washington. First we have a view of the Treasury Building. In passing in review the various processes through which our paper-money goes before it passes into circulation, we pass over the workshops where the machinery is made and the paper prepared. This paper is peculiar, being insoluble in hot or cold water, and can never again be converted into pulp for remanufacture. Placed up to the light, faint yellow fibres can be seen running like threads of nerves in every direction through it. Yellow photographs black, and hence the value of this paper as a means of preventing counterfeiting by photography. The paper is made of uniform texture in sheets of equal size, and about 40,000 sheets can be manufactured in a day. We now pass into the room used for the manufacture of the ink. Here the various kinds of colored ink used in the various varieties of our national currency are prepared. From here we pass into the Art Room, where the original plates are engraved. These original plates we meet again in the HARDENING ROOM, where the soft steel is tempered and made so hard that, as we see from the TRANSFER MACHINE, the design engraved upon it is transferred to other plates, thus giving duplicates to be used in the printing, and to replace those worn out by use. Now we pass into the room containing the HYDRAULIC ENGINE, which furnishes the power for printing. This machine is in the lower floor of the Treasury Building. There are sixteen hydraulic pumps; each cylinder works four pumps. The power thus obtained is in fact limited only by the strength of the material. The presses are also Hydrostatic Presses. Then there are rooms for drying the printed bills, for numbering and trimming them, or printing the bronze designs upon them, and for other purposes, which we must pass over now without illustration, until we come to the SEALING ROOM. This room contains fourteen Gordon presses, four for sealing bonds, eight for sealing national bank notes and legal tender notes, and four for bronzing fractional

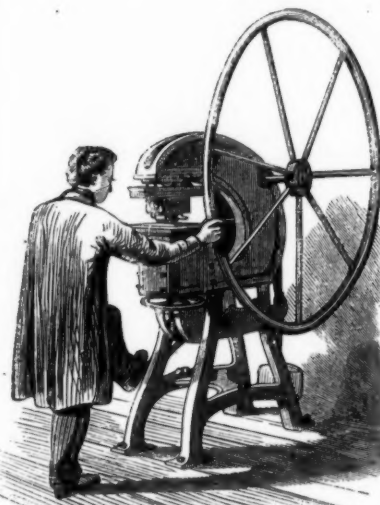
currency. To each sealing machine is one operator, to each bronzing machine four operators. Each ma-



CURRENCY BUREAU—THE ART ROOM.

chine turns out about 5,000 impressions in a day of eight hours, 40,000 in all, or 160,000 notes. The bron-

zing machines turn out 16,000 impressions, which average fifteen notes to the impression or sheet, making 240,000 fractional currency notes. This room has a male superintendent and a female assistant. The latter sits at a table with four other women. The notes



CURRENCY BUREAU—TRANSFER ROOM.

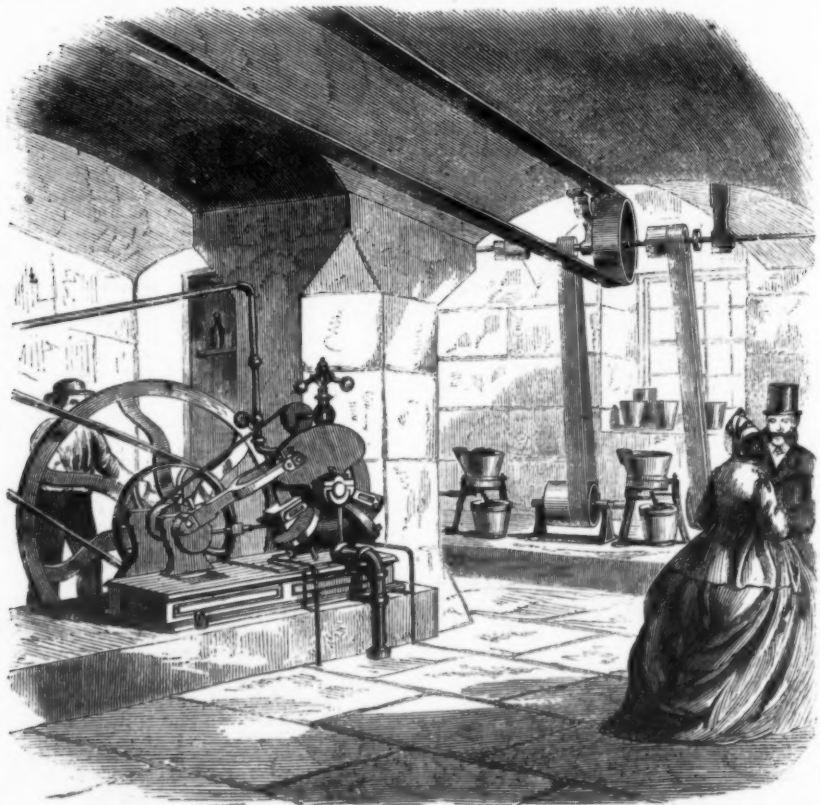
come into this room from the Trimming Room. The amount is given to the assistant superintendent. She gives a receipt for them, and hands them over to her assistants, who count them, and if they are not correctly reported from the Trimming Room, they are sent back immediately for correction. The assistant superintendent keeps a record of all notes received and delivered. All accounts are balanced every afternoon,

and the report made out and given to the general book-keeper. This takes place before any one is allowed to leave the room. The notes and bonds on hand are then locked up in a closet, of which the superintendent takes the key. After the money is thus prepared for circulation, it passes through a process by which the notes printed upon sheets are separated, and is afterward stored in the vault of the building, subject to the order of the Secretary of the Treasury. Almost as complicated a process as we have thus hastily run through has also to be performed in receiving, counting, canceling and destroying the imperfect and mutilated notes which come in for redemption. In the plan of its circulation our Treasury does not follow that adopted by the Bank of England. In that institution, no note is ever issued a second time, but all, however new, as soon as they come into the bank a second time are destroyed. With us, however, they are issued as often as they will stand it, so that they are not finally destroyed until actually worn out. The process of assorting the bills when they come in is neither as interesting nor as pleasant as that we have just witnessed, but may form the basis for a future series of illustrations.

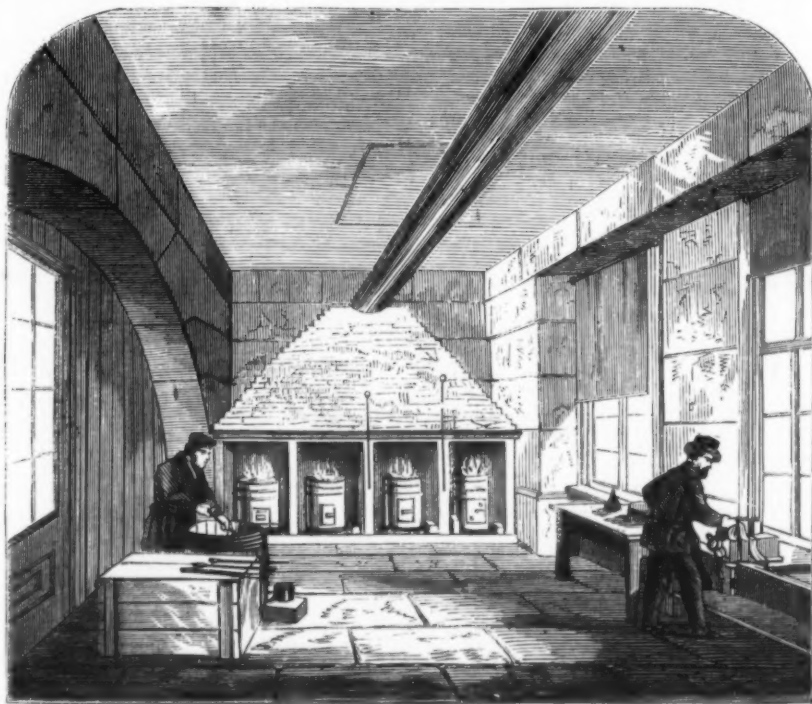
ISABELLA II., QUEEN OF SPAIN.

ISABELLA II., of Spain, is the only remaining Bourbon sovereign in Europe. She was born on the 30th of October, 1830. Her father, Ferdinand VII., had been influenced by his wife, Maria Christina, to issue the Pragmatic Decree, abolishing the Salic law of succession, which denied woman the right to succeed to the throne. At his death in 1833, his eldest daughter, the subject of our sketch, was proclaimed queen under the regency of her mother. This event gave rise to a civil war, since the claims of the late king's brother were warmly supported by a large body of the people. This war lasted seven years, until the Cortes confirmed the claims of Isabella by pronouncing sentence of exile against Don Carlos and his adherents.

In 1840 the Queen regnant retired to France, resigning her power into the hands of Espartero. During the next three years, the young queen's education was under the control of this constitutional leader. In 1843

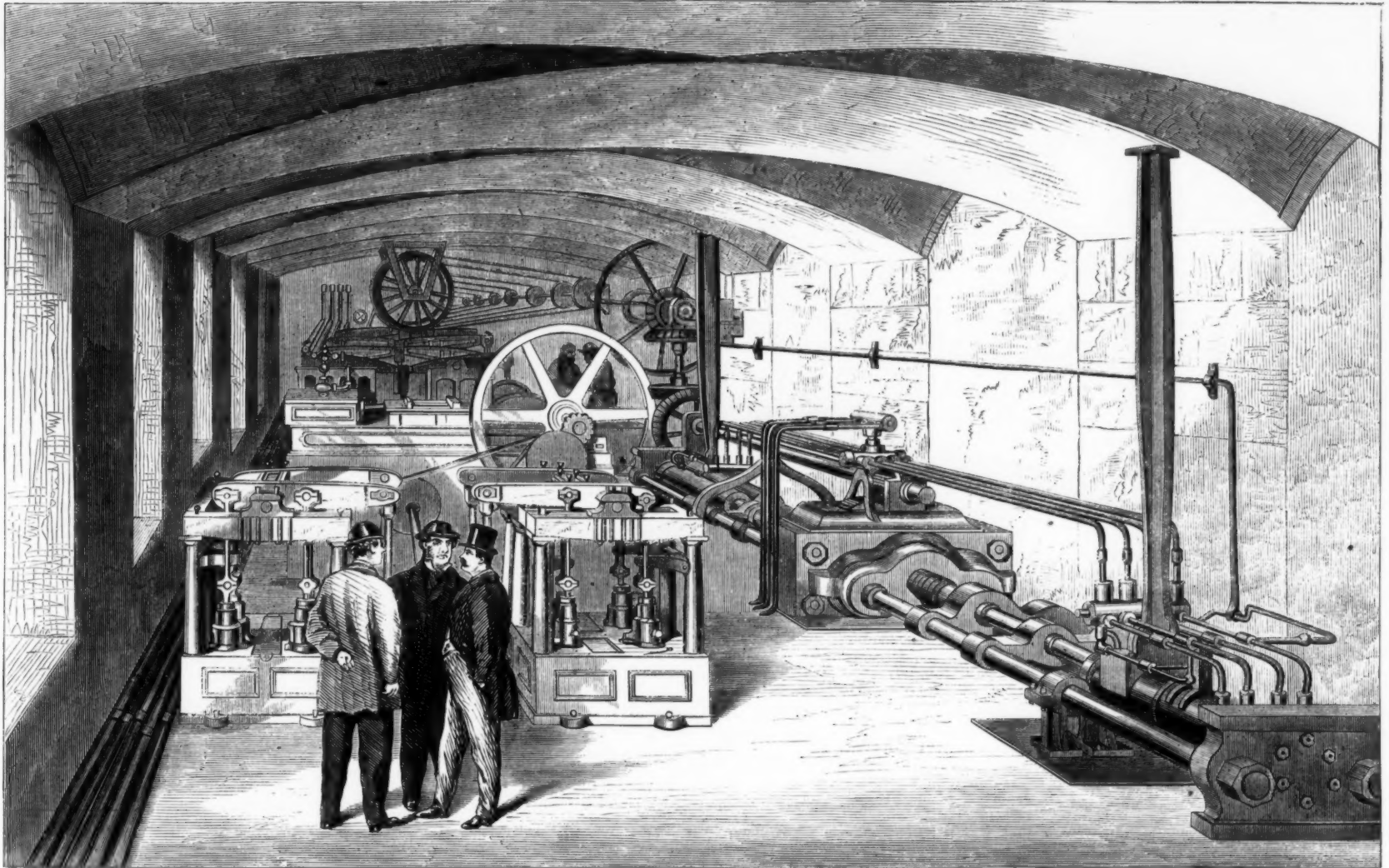


SEGMENTAL ENGINE AND INK MILLS.



CURRENCY BUREAU—THE HARDENING ROOM.

BUILDING, WASHINGTON, D. C.—From Sketches by Mr. C. E. H. Bonwill.



THE HYDRAULIC ENGINES, TREASURY BUILDING, WASHINGTON, D. C.

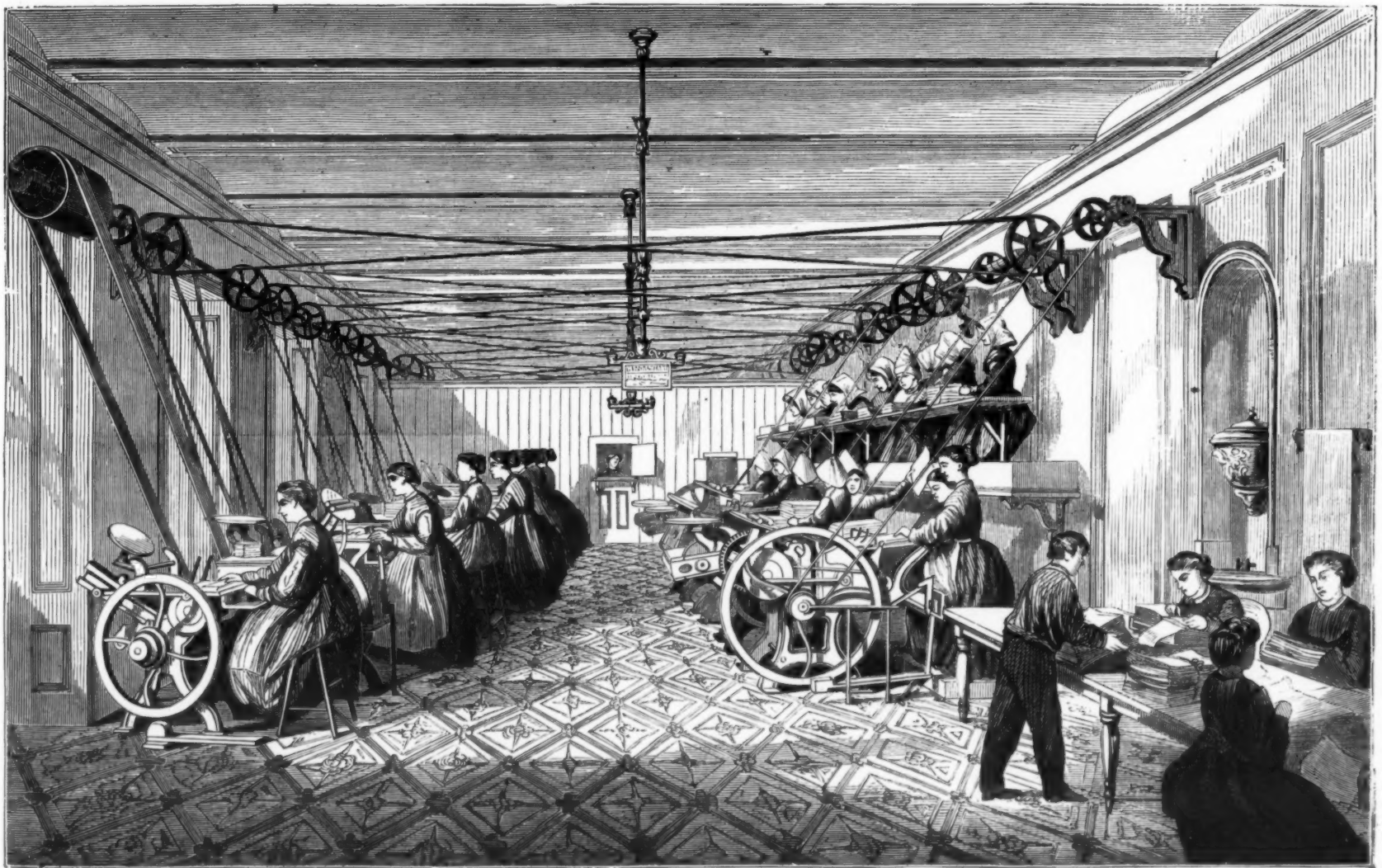
CADIZ, SPAIN.

she was declared by the Cortes to have attained her majority, and thenceforth took her place among the reigning sovereigns of Europe. Two years afterward, her mother, having returned to Madrid, influenced her marriage with her cousin, Don Francisco d'Aasis. The result of this union has been five children, but its uncongenial character destroyed the domestic happiness of the queen. The frequent estrangements and reconciliations which have resulted from the want of affection between herself and her husband have given rise to any quantity of scandal and slander, but it is certain that during her reign Spain has made great progress in internal improvements, and advanced largely toward the resumption of her former position among the nations of Europe.

CADIZ is a seaport in the island of Leon, off the south-west coast of Andalusia, sixty miles north-west of Gibraltar, and sixty-four miles south of Seville, and is the capital of the province of the same name. The city is a very ancient one, having been founded, under the name of Gades, by the Phœnicians, who made of it a city of great commercial importance. In the first Punic war it fell into the hands of the Carthaginians, and in the second surrendered to the Romans. The city is well defended, and the port is protected from storms by an extensive mole. The city itself is well built, with paved streets, and many of the public

buildings are worthy of attention. The old cathedral is one of the finest architectural monuments of Spain, while the new cathedral, though yet unfinished, is famous for its splendor, being built entirely of white marble. The trade of Cadiz is not as large as it was formerly, though it is known as one of the principal ports for the exportation of sherry wine. "Public attention has recently been attracted to Cadiz by the trouble between Spain and England, in consequence of the treatment of an English vessel by the Spanish authorities. England demanded satisfaction and sent her iron-clad fleet to this port to demand it. Their presence appears to have altered the opinion of Spain concerning her behavior, and she made the requisite apology."

THE tenement-house question is exciting an attention which we trust will lead to the cure of such a disgrace as it now is. It would be easy enough to remedy it if a common-sense attempt were only made. The excuse for high rents that the population is overcrowded, is absurd. If the real estate in New York City was properly improved, the space could easily accommodate a population of thrice its size, more conveniently than it does that it now contains. No owner of real estate in the city should be allowed to build such pest holes as our tenement houses are, or to retain such shanties as cover now almost one-third of the city below fourteenth street. If the people will ever become aware of their power in this matter, improvements could be made here as they are in Paris.



SEALING ROOM, U. S. TREASURY BUILDING, WASHINGTON, D. C.

AFTER THE DREAM!

BY R. C. SPENCER.

I TAKE each little trait of him—
My tears I stay awhile, to look
On each beloved leaf or book
That bears the memory of my dream!

On cool still autumn days my feet
Tread those old lonely ways they trod
With him—my love—my little god,
With whom to walk it seemed so sweet!

Sad gardens he has wandered by—
The trees, the meadows he has known,
I see, as in a girl's long sigh,
My heart goes wandering back alone!

O love!—O dream from which I wake—
That I had never slept!—or he
No power thus deep had owned to make
This living earth a hell to me!

There is no music in the air—
No scent in all the blushing flowers!
Seem all the leafy trees as bare
As they were rich in other hours!

Has earth grown dim in my long trance?
What blight is on the glorious day?
How oft I prayed the light to stay,
So I might linger in his glance!

Too long are now the early dews—
Too dark the sun—the flowers too cold!
The stars are not the stars of old,
Nor is there shadow 'neath the yew!

Could I but dream again!—though, while
I slept, I knew how soon again
I must awake, to miss his smile,
To tread my widowed paths of pain!

Ah! sweet when a cold hand is laid—
When I where he has fled shall go!
To live is but to sleep!—we know
There is a waking for the dead!

THE DEAD SHOT.

"NEVER but once, said the old captain," knocking the ashes from his long pipe against the bars of the grate, while the red glare from the sea-coal fire lit up his weather-beaten face to a ruddy bronze, amid which the blazing nose shone like a beacon—"never but once, and that was when I was junior lieutenant on the *Bizar* in—let me see—well, in eighteen hundred and over so few. I've sailed round some since then and seen some pretty tough service on sea and land; but I don't think I ever made a narrower escape yet."

"Well, tell us about it," captain, I said; and the crowd echoing my wish, we all gathered closer round the smoking-room fire at the Blank Club. The old sea-dog gave an acquiescent grunt; sent the amber mouth-piece once more on a voyage of exploration through the tangled forest of beard and mustache; blew a huge cloud of smoke around his shaggy head, and told his story—not without many interruptions—somewhat as follows:

It was a damp, misty, sneaking sort of night, in mid-November, when the *Blazer* wore up the Thames and cast anchor off the big city, after a Mediterranean cruise. It had been a very pleasant one, too, especially to us "young 'uns," for the Stars and Stripes had a way of waving high over the Union Jack and the Tri-color in the eyes of the dancing part of the female population wherever we happened to cast anchor. Balls, festas, return lunches, and dances on the ship, picnics to old ruins, and boating parties under the brightest of moons, had run the summer off like a pleasant dream; and the yellow envelope, bearing "*U. S. Navy Depart.—Official*," that brought our relief orders, was about as welcome as a fall broadside from the ugly black Englishman lying opposite. Yes, it had been a jolly cruise, and even those sighing and despairing sufferers, the married men of the mess, managed, once in a while, to coerce themselves into a quadrille, or to drive away thoughts, so far as a ramble under the moon among broken arches, battered shafts, and black-eyed senoritas could do it. I think I can remember one desperate fellow, at least, who was so devoured by grief at the absence of the wife of his bosom, that he never could bring himself to mention her to the tender daughters or the tough mammas who took an interest in his affairs.

The ward-room mess of the *Bizar* was considered by its members perhaps the best-looking and altogether the most fascinating set of young Yankees that ever carried the foul anchor on broad shoulders. But among them all, on duty in the roughest weather, keeping the mess-table in a broad grin, whirling smoothly in the waltz with a cluster of curls resting on his shoulder, or leading the glee-chorus from the stern sheets of the eight-oar, Ben Brandon was voted, by universal voice, the best of the lot.

Twenty-four years had fully developed a chest and a pair of shoulders perhaps a thought too heavy even for his six feet two, but betokening a latent strength that a second glance at the singularly long arm and firm, taper hand, smooth and brown as *lignum-vitæ*, fully confirmed. A face not regularly handsome, but bright and open, was surrounded by full clusters of crisp brown hair, and lighted by a pair of merry brown eyes, and a set of white, regular teeth, flashing occasionally under an adolescent, but promising, mustache. Well born, not dependent upon the bountiful provision made by Uncle Sam for his water-loving nephews, and with the manner the French so cleverly avoid describing by *je ne sais quel*, Brandon was the very life of all parties aboard and ashore, and was voted the pleasantest of all the young amphibians by the beauties of the Mediterranean shore.

But the Navy Department had said: "Come hither; the dances are done!"

The last sighs were sighed, the last buttons exchanged for dark curls—which latter lay stowed away in lockers, amid crushed flowers, crumpled notes, and very tiny and very dirty gloves, until we got near home—the very final words of tender parting trusted to the small note-paper, and the *Blazer* turned her stern to the blue Mediterranean, en route for London, to pick up Mr. Minister—homeward-bound.

In the bustle and stir of two days out, the casting-up of accounts with the girl we left behind us, the universal swapping of lies between watches, and the remarkably bad behavior of the Bay of Biscay, we had little time to notice any small vagaries that had crept among us. But I was Brandon's most intimate friend, and it struck me after a while that a serious change had come over him.

His voice was seldom heard in the rehearsal of deeds of derring-do, cotillion or boating party, and rarely struck into the quartettes it used to lead, and he went on duty with a dull, dogged air, quite unusual to him, looking vacantly for hours over the broad expanse of water, and never speaking but to drop short, gruff words of command to the petty officers of his watch.

One night, when just relieved, and about to go below and turn in, I came suddenly on Brandon. He was leaning listlessly over the rail and gazing into the silvery wake the vessel left in the water with a blanker air of dejection than ever.

"Come, old boy," I said, laying my hand kindly on his shoulder—"come, out with it, and tell me the whole story. Was it the brown-eyed Carlotta, or did the dark curls do it?"

Brandon had started at my touch as if awakened from a nightmare, and turned to me a face that told me he had not heeded one word, and yet so full of deep, utter despair, it cut off my jest like a knife. The horror of that expression in the half light glared itself on my memory with a distinctness that lasted many months. It was seared, aged, almost lurid with the reflection of what was passing in the mind; and the voice in which he answered had a hollow, far-away sound, as if it were the reverberation from the gloomy depths of thought that seemed to tear and rend him.

"Ah, Smythe! you here! Ah, my God! there's such a pressure here—such a dead weight!"—and he pressed his hand hard on the furrowed brow, "that were I to plunge into the white foam yonder, once and for all, 'twould keep me down—you'd never see my face rise again—down—down—down! Pahaw! what nonsense was I talking?" And the horror died slowly out of his face, became absorbed, as it were, in the old expression, as he turned full into the light of the binnacle lamp, till I half believed it was my imagination that had painted it so hideous. "Come! let's stop ghost stories, and have a punch!" and he laughed something like his own laugh as we went below.

The brew he made from the Santa Cruz and lemon was simply poetic, while half the ward-room turned out in night-gowns and pea-jackets to hear the revived Brandon rattle out story after story of the past cruise with a point and humor that none could equal. From that night he was the old-time leader, the jolly jester of the mess, the most active officer, and the kindest of commanders to his men.

The first boat that left the *Blazer*, the day we anchored off London carried Brandon and me up for a ramble over the modern Babylon. Spite of the wretched weather that pea-jackets and sou'westers set at defiance, we splashed up and down the muddy arteries, throbbing with the wondrously-mixed current of the great city's life. We stared into windows, wandered round galleries, walked round the Houses of Parliament, crossed to the gray old Abbey, and found ourselves at last in the dim half-light of the "Poets' Corner." Brandon wandered restlessly from stone to stone, and the rapid flow of brilliant talk that had sparkled on all the morning was suddenly damped.

"Pahaw! what lies they tell of us when we are no longer able to refute them!" he exclaimed, starting out of a reverie and tapping a slab contemptuously with his muddy boot. "Look here, Smythe, I'm not to be done up in this style, when I go under. Remember! By-the-way, did it ever strike you that all these fellows were crazy—mad—clean-gone mad? Not all violent like Coleridge and De Quincey, you know; not all melancholy like Wordsworth, æsthetic like Shelley, or virulent like Byron; but all mad—clean mad. Genius! pah! only another name for madness! What would Carlyle be, sane? How much would Shakesp have written had he not lost his mind? Ha! ha! and then to be defied. And 'Then to smell so, pah!' Let's go over and wash this old dust out of our throats with some strong ale, while mine host of the Anchor does us a steak à l'Anglais!"

So we went into the old-time "Anchor" where sanded floor obtained in place of Brussels carpet; polished pewter was not replaced by scratched Britannia; and where, best of all, juicy steaks and honest ale had not given place to tough slabs of beef and sour slops.

As we stood with our backs to the fire, great, staring placards on the wall opposite, told us that the elder Keen was that night to give his great impersonation of Hamlet.

"We'll go there," Brandon said, after a long look at the poster. "That's another jolly mad-man. It's just the thing! I must see him caper once more before I—Ah! here's the steak, and a juicy one it is!"

So after demolishing it we went again into the dense fog and found ourselves units of a denser crowd in the—Theatre. Every one had heard of that matchless piece of acting that has made the weird conception of Shakespeare's mind a tangible reality to the world. It impressed me so deeply—wrapped me so entirely, that I lost sight of tinsel, audience, all but the great artist who merged himself so perfectly into the character he

portrayed. I only waked to myself when the curtain had fallen, and the shuffling of many feet followed Kean's last bow before it. Brandon sat near me quite still. He had apparently enjoyed the rare treat as much as I, and with his forehead resting on his hand and his lips moving inaudibly, seemed recalling some passage to himself. He started under my light touch, rose, and followed me into the corridor; but neither spoke until we had lit our cigars and were again in the fog. His first words were addressed rather to himself than to me.

"No, impossible! I could have been prevented if—I! Your watch at four bells? Then you must get aboard," he broke off suddenly. "I'll put up at the Anchor, and stay ashore till eight bells to-morrow."

We shook hands and parted; but he had hardly turned from me when I again heard him mutter thoughtfully: "No, no! I could not be done then!"

I was walking the deck restlessly toward the close of my watch, and watching the dim lights that began to peer out one by one through the veil of mist that enveloped the Big City, when the steward of our mess advanced hurriedly and handed me a note.

"Bo's'n said in haste, sir!" and he saluted.

It was scribbled in pencil and scarcely legible in the fading light; but I managed to make out:

"DEAR SMYTHE—Come off the minute you're relieved. Brandon has gone mad, and we are with him at the Anchor."

"Yours hastily, CARVER."

It all came over me like a flash! The moody changes that filled the intervals of wild gaiety; the strange light in the eyes; the rambling, half-muttered remarks—these were the stages of incipient madness.

Five minutes sufficed to speak to the first lieutenant, explain the need, and see me in a boat pulling straight for the Anchor.

In a comfortable room, with a bright fire flashing against the window-panes, and a bowl of steaming punch filling every corner of the room with a rich aroma, I found Carver, the fleet surgeon, and Dalton, the commodore's secretary.

"Just in time, my boy! Try this to drive out the damp. Very best in the house!" was Carver's somewhat irrelevant response to my anxious query about Brandon. "There; that's right. Let me fill it again. Nothing like it for damp! Yes; mad as a March hare and violent as a mad bull. Went in at the waiter with a porter-bottle, and came near being the end of him. Two seconds more, and Dalton would only have been in at the death!"

"Very odd, wasn't it?" put in Dalton. "And so sudden, too. But he's quiet now. Carver has to go aboard, but I'll stay with you, and we'll have no trouble, I think."

"None at all. The morphia's done for him and he won't wink before morning." And old Carver filled up his pipe and puffed away like a nor'wester, while Dalton gave me the same facts in greater detail. By the time the surgeon had taken one pipe, two naps, twice that number of punches, and finally his departure, we had surveyed the premises and arranged our plan of operations. Dalton, who was weary with watching the violent madman all day, was to sleep on the sofa in the room we were in, while I was to keep watch in the room of the patient, who now was sleeping calmly as an infant.

The chamber was a spacious one, with little furniture, and that oppressive sense of emptiness that often clings to apartments but little used. In the far corner Brandon lay in a large, old-fashioned bed, his face turned away from the light of the astral lamp on the centre-table. A huge fire burned in the old-time grate, throwing fantastic shadows into the far corners that anon crept up the wall like the genius from the fisherman's can in the Eastern tale. With a final look at my patient, I drew the heavy oak chair between the table and the fire, turned up the lamp, gave the fire a truculent punch, and laying the poker—a straight, sharp-pointed steel one—in the rest, settled myself for a comfortable night's reading. Fox's Book of Martyrs, a Guide-Book of London, and a well-thumbed copy of Byron was the mental bill of fare the table offered; but a glance into the old-time mirror over the mantel assured me I was so comfortable, that I plunged into the recorded sufferings of the basted, stewed and broiled of the faithful with even a relish. Having finished half a dozen fried and supped sufficiently on horrors, I took up the Byron with a yawn, and turned the leaves listlessly to the accompaniment of Dalton's snores that came in regular broadsides through the half-open door. The fire was rather warm, and hitching my chair further round, I again "went in" for business, and was soon deep in the "Siege of Corinth." There was always a strange fascination for me in that ramble of Alp under the moonlight, and the grotesque horror of the midnight meal of the baw-dogs seemed more than usually vivid in the utter stillness of the room. I had just read how—

"Alp saw the wild dogs under the wall
Hold o'er the dead their carnival;
Gorging and growling o'er carcasses and limb,
They were too busy to bark at him."

when a huge coal broke in two and rolled into the grate with a clang that might have waked the garrison of Corinth. Starting, I closed the book, and with the strange conceit still holding my mind, the fast blackening fracture would be the "Tartar's skull;" the long pale column of smoke curling upward from it would seem—

"The long hair tangled round his jaw!"

In the deep stillness I gazed, half fascinated and half asleep, till simultaneously the smoke died out of the coal and my eyes closed.

Hist!

The sound was clear and distinct as a silver bell, and I was wide awake in an instant. The intuitive perception that Brandon was up sent every drop of blood to my heart, and paralyzed me so that I could not turn. There was no further sound for a space that must have been seconds—

but seemed hours; the silence was so deep, so oppressive, that I could hear every beat of my heart like the tick of a great clock. With the frightful rapidity of thought in such moments, the tortures of the martyrs and the wild story of the poem moved in mixed procession through my mind, with every conceivable variety of maniac antic winding in and out among them. Still, I could not stir. Don Juan's guest was plastic in comparison. With every nerve acutely sensitive, every fibre of the brain morbidly alive, each separate muscle was rigid as stone. Possibly a second longer passed thus, the weird procession still grinding past in the foreground, and spread before me in the horrid distance each particular act of my life, long forgotten and well remembered alike, standing out in bold relief.

Hist!

Once more that tingling syllable cut keen through the dead stillness, and fell upon my tympanum with a force that made me shrink and shiver to my heart's core. With a terrible effort I wrenched myself half round and forced my eyes to the mirror.

Seated on the bed's edge was Brandon, the strained and rigid toes of his bare foot scarce touching the floor, and every muscle of the leg working and quivering in an ecstasy of delirious strength. Whirling above his head was the heavy poker, the nervous fingers seeming scarce to touch, and yet sending it with the swiftness of light and unvarying certainty in its dizzy circle!

Will had done its utmost. I had moved this much, but the sight behind me left my body as perfect stone as that of the enchanted prince. Still the mind held its empire. With a clear, keen, perception, with even a desperate coolness, I ran over my chances of escape, but I could not move one finger to aid thought by actual effort; no, could not even turn my head.

While I gazed the poker stopped its wild waltz around the maniac's head. His face filled with a weird dread, and the terrible right arm raised itself aloft, while the fingers seemed to bury themselves into the steel in their convulsive pressure.

Ha!

Like a shot from a rifle the poker flew straight at me! In the glass I saw it come, heard the angry whizz as it whirled by my ear, and felt it bury itself in the hard plaster of the wall beyond!

The spell was loosened. Speech—motion—will returned! I sprang up, threw myself upon Brandon, and pinioning his arms with my desperate clasp, shouted for Dalton. He came rubbing his eyes, but the madman made no resistance, only gibbered and moaned while we bound his arms with the towels. As we laid him down, a leer of unspeakable cunning filled his face, and he whispered hoarsely:

"But she didn't though! I knew she couldn't. Ha! ha! but it was a good shot! The old witch was pouring poison in your ear! But, ha! ha! I broke the bottle!"

Six months after Brandon was released from Dr. —'s Asylum and pronounced a perfect cure; but I never can see the play scene in "Hamlet" since without hearing the whizz of the poker with which he made his dead shot.

Extract of a Speech of Wendell Phillips.

A MAN can walk through the capitals of Europe and learn much that he would not otherwise learn. One thing that is noticeable in the streets of Europe is the greater independence or individuality of the people. In America public opinion rules everything. Men here think before they speak, and then speak in accordance with public sentiment. In England one will find a degree of bluntness that will often be thought uncourteous. There is the same independence in dress. In seven cases out of ten a man's occupation can at once be found from his attire in Europe. In this country it is not so. In passing the guard at Paris I had a cap on. The guard told me I could not pass, because none but servants wore caps; and I only got admission after I had assured the man that I had a hat at home. There is in Europe more frankness than in this country. In America people desire to avoid what they call a "scene." I have seen a father, in Boston, in separating at the cars from his daughter, refuse to kiss her when she asked him, because the bystanders would see it. But in Paris I have seen whole crowds of people buried in kisses.

The second element that strikes an American is that, as Dickens says, "the cities talk." In Paris the windows are of iron, so that the houses can in a moment be turned into fortresses. Forty years ago there were no sidewalks in Paris, because there was no democracy. The patricians rode in their carriages, and the plebeians walked in the mud. In Genoa, if you ask for a cab you cannot have one, for the streets are too narrow. The reason is Genoa has been for ages a camp, and not a city. So every city in Europe will tell its own story.

In Europe our Americans would notice what they call a lack of enterprise. In this country we supply hands by brains. A baby no sooner gets out of his cradle than he invents a new pattern and takes out a patent for it. A Frenchman was asked when wielding a sickle why he did not get a scythe, which would do three times as much work in the same time. He replied that he had not three times as much work to do. But in America men desire to make money, and that stimulates enterprise.

In the Roman campaign the peasant plows with the same tools that Virgil used. Buy wood in Naples or Vienna, and you buy it by the pound; you buy bread by the foot or yard, and the man that saws the wood will not bring a saw-horse; but putting the saw against his chest, he rubs the wood against it. This is the low tide of brains as compared with work. High tide may be found in America, when elevators load a vessel in six hours.

But the people of Europe are not ignorant. A man who does up shirts may perhaps know how to speak four different languages. The masses in Europe are more refined than Americans. They love beauty more. A Yankee won't look at a grape unless he can taste it. In Europe, in the most splendid parks, the people walk without hindrance, and none of them will pluck a single flower. In Europe the people are careful not to trample on each other's rights. An American traveler in Paris knocked down a woman in his hurry, and she arose and asked his pardon, for she supposed the man was in such a hurry because of some great emergency, and she was sorry to be in his way.

I have seen a corpulent woman in Boston try to get into an omnibus and fail, and every one on Washington street who saw her, laughed. I have seen a corpulent woman in Paris, on the contrary, try to get into an opera box, and the servant-girl ever tried to get her in by pushing her, but there was no laughter.

In France, forty years ago, it would have been impossible to get passage for four people in a coach. There are not the means of traveling there that are found in America. In Europe there is more economy than in America. Economy here is a skulking virtue. In Europe one finds himself in a nation of subjects; here he is in a nation of sovereigns. In France the speaker had waited at an inn fifty-five minutes because the driver had gone away and no one could tell them why he did not return; but he had seen, in Chicago, men pass through a car locking both doors, when a Yankee immediately arose, pulled out a key and unlocked them, because the men had not told why they did it. In Europe, when men get into a car they seem to think the seats they occupy belong to themselves.

In Europe the churches are always open. The people don't need family prayers, for they go to church and say their prayers there. Men and women, passing a church, go in and throw themselves down before a picture with great deference. They do it earnestly and honestly. The high and low there meet and kneel together. The real devotion of these prayers is apparent. In Italy the worshiper may hear English talking in the cathedral; but he is not diverted from his prayers. Let the same Italian meet the Englishman on the street, and he will be deferential to him, for John Bull bullies his way through Europe, trampling down all that he does not buy up. In the cathedral, however, the worshiper may be in the midst of dukes, but he heeds them not, for he is in the presence of one who is greater—his God. In Europe women do all kinds of work. She is everywhere, present in all scenes. She does more than her share of work even. I have not been able to find that this had done anything to demoralize or lower women.

It is said that the French have no home, no word for home; but in that country grandfather, grandmother, children and grandchild all live together, and think it a great calamity to be separated. In America the boy is anxious, on a gala day, to get out of sight of his mother. It is not so in France.

In America a man must have his pleasure boiled down and taken in half an hour. But in Europe a man will enjoy the small details of a landscape for a whole day. On Mount Holyoke is a railroad running from the base to the top of the mountain, up which people ride instead of climbing the mountain, as formerly. The truth is, the Yankee skulks the primal curse; he desires to get his bread without the sweat of his brow.

MRS. CAUDLE'S CURTAIN LECTURES.

THE SEVENTH LECTURE.—CAUDLE IN THE COURSE OF THE DAY HAS VENTURED TO QUESTION THE ECONOMY OF "WASHING AT HOME."

"A PRETTY temper you come to bed in, Mr. Caudle, I can see! Oh, don't deny it—I think I ought to know by this time. But it's always the way; whenever I get up a few things, the house can hardly hold you! Nobody cries out more about clean linen than you do—and nobody leads a poorer woman so miserable a life when she tries to make her husband comfortable. Yes, Mr. Caudle—comfortable! You needn't keep chewing the word, as if you couldn't swallow it. Was there ever such a woman? No, Caudle; I hope not: I should hope no other wife was ever put upon as I am! It's all very well for you. I can't have a little wash at home like anybody else, but you must go about the house swearing to yourself, and looking at your wife as if she was your bitterest enemy. But I suppose you'd rather we didn't wash at all. Yes; then you'd be happy! To be sure you would—you'd like to have all the children in their dirt, like potatoes; anything, so that it didn't disturb you. I wish you'd had a wife who'd never washed—she'd have suited you, she would. Yes: a fine lady who'd have let your children go that you might have scraped 'em. She'd have been much better cared for than I am. I only wish I could let all of you go without clean linen at all—yes, all of you. I wish I could! And if I wasn't a slave to my family, unlike anybody else, I should."

"No, Mr. Caudle; the house isn't tossed about in water as if it was Noah's Ark! And you ought to be ashamed of yourself to talk of Noah's Ark in that loose manner. I'm sure I don't know what I've done to be married to a man of such principles. No: and the whole house doesn't taste of soap-suds either; and if it did, any other man but yourself would be above naming it. I suppose I don't like washing-day any more than yourself. What do you say? Yes I do? Ha! you're wrong there, Mr. Caudle. No; I don't like it because it makes everybody else uncomfortable. No; and I ought not to have been born a mermaid, that I might always have been in water. A mermaid, indeed! What next will you call me? But no man, Mr. Caudle, says such things to his wife as you. However, as I've said before, it can't last long, that's one comfort. What do you say? You're glad of it? You're a brute, Mr. Caudle! No, you didn't mean washing; I know what you meant. A pretty speech to a woman who's been the wife to you I have! You'll repent it when it's too late; yes, I wouldn't have your feelings when I'm gone, Caudle; no, not for the Bank of England."

"And when we only wash once a fortnight! Ha! I only wish you had some wives; they'd wash once a week! Besides, if once a fortnight's too much for you, why don't you give me money that we may have things to go a month? Is it my fault, if we're short? What do you say? My 'once a fortnight' lasts three days? No, it doesn't; never; well, very seldom, and that's the same thing. Can I help it, if the blacks will fly, and the things must be rinsed again? Don't say that; I'm not made happy by the blacks, and they don't prolong my enjoyment; and, more than that, you're an unfeeling man to say so. You're enough to make a woman wish herself in her grave—you are, Caudle."

"And a pretty example you set to your sons? Because we'd a little wash to-day, and there wasn't a hot dinner—and who thinks of getting anything hot for washerwomen?—because you hadn't everything as you always have it, you must swear at the cold mutton—and you don't know what that mutton cost a pound, I dare say—you must swear at a sweet, wholesome joint like a lord. What? You didn't swear? Yes; it's very well for you to say so; but I know when you're swearing; and you swear when you little think it; and I say you must go on swearing as you did, and seize your hat like a savage, and rush out of the house, and



go and take your dinner at a tavern! A pretty wife people must think you have, when they find you dining at a public-house. A nice home they must think you have, Mr. Caudle! What! You'll do so every time I wash? Very well, Mr. Caudle—very well. We'll soon see who's tired of that, first; for I'll wash a stocking a day if that's all, sooner than you should have everything as you like. Ha! that's so like you; you'd trample everybody under foot, if you could—you know you would, Caudle, so don't deny it."

"Now, if you begin to shout in that manner, I'll leave the bed. It's very hard that I can't say a single word to you, but you must almost raise the place. You didn't shout? I don't know what you call shouting, then! I'm sure the people must hear you in the next house. No—it won't do to call me soft names, now, Caudle; I'm not the fool that I was when I was first married—I know better now. You're to treat me in the manner you have, all day; and then at night, the only time and place when I can get a word in, you want to go to sleep. How can you be so mean, Caudle?"

"What! Why can't I put the washing out? Now, you have asked that a thousand times, but it's no use, Caudle; so don't ask it again. I won't put it out. What do you say? Mrs. Prettyman says it's quite as cheap? Pray, what's Mrs. Prettyman to me? I should think, Mr. Caudle, that I know very well how to take care of my family, without Mrs. Prettyman's advice. Mrs. Prettyman, indeed! I only wish she'd come here, that I might tell her so! Mrs. Prettyman! But, perhaps she'd better come and take care of your house for you! Oh, yes! I've no doubt she'd do it much better than I do—much. No, Caudle! I won't hold my tongue. I think I ought to be mistress of my own washing by this time—and after the wife I've been to you, it's cruel of you to go on as you do."

"Don't tell me about putting the washing out. I say it isn't so cheap—I don't care whether you wash by the dozen or not—it isn't so cheap; I've reduced everything, and I save at least a shilling a week. What do you say? A trumpery shilling? Ha! I only hope to goodness you'll not come to want, talking of shillings in the way you do. Now, don't begin about your comfort; don't go on aggravating me, and asking me if your comfort's not worth a shilling a week? That's nothing at all to do with it—nothing; but that's your way—when I talk of one thing, you talk of another; that's so like you men, and you know it. Allow me to tell you, Mr. Caudle, that a shilling a week is two pound twelve a year; and take two pound twelve a year for, let us say, thirty years, and—well, you needn't groan, Mr. Caudle—I don't suppose it will be so long; oh, no! you'll have somebody else to look after your washing long before that—and if it wasn't for my dear children's sake I shouldn't care how soon. You know my mind—and so, good-night, Mr. Caudle."

"Thankful for her silence," writes Caudle, "I was fast dropping to sleep; when, jogging my elbow, my wife observed—'Mind, there's the cold mutton to-morrow—nothing hot till that's gone. Remember, too, as it was a short wash to-day, we wash again on Wednesday.'"

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

WENDELL PHILLIPS was born in Boston, Mass., November 29th, 1811. His father was John Phillips, the first Mayor of Boston after its incorporation as a city. He graduated from Harvard College in 1831, from the Dane Law School in 1833, and the following year was admitted to the Suffolk Bar.

His birth, his family and his position, led him naturally to be classed among the most conservative of the conservative classes in Boston; but yet the old spirit of Seventy-six, the hatred of tyranny and wrong, the love of justice and right which has always characterized the people of New England, as distinguished from the conservative classes, who pride themselves on their exclusiveness, and imitate the English aristocracy in their contempt for the questions of popular interest, lay dormant in the young lawyer, and needed only the fitting moment to express themselves. The progress of political events soon brought this opportunity.

In 1835, Phillips witnessed the Boston mob, who broke up a meeting of the Female Anti-Slavery Society, and came near to hanging William Lloyd Garrison. The

journals of the day describe this mob as composed of "gentlemen of property and standing." Such a sight was not lost upon the young Phillips.

In 1837, Wendell Phillips appeared first as an orator, in a meeting of the citizens of Boston called "to notice in a suitable manner the recent murder in the city of Alton of the Reverend Elijah P. Lovejoy, a native of New England, and citizen of the free State of Illinois, who fell in defense of the freedom of the Press."

This meeting was called for December 8th, in the Old Court House—Faneuil Hall having been asked for, and refused, to a petition headed by William E. Channing. The occasion was one of peculiar interest. Lovejoy, the editor of a religious newspaper, the *Observer*, which took ground against slavery, as contrary to Christianity, had finally been shot dead by a mob, after having had his office attacked several times, his press broken in pieces, and his life threatened. This, too, was in Illinois, a free State.

It is perhaps one of the best evidences of the march of public opinion, that the same State which made Lovejoy a martyr to the cause of freedom of speech upon the subject of slavery gave to the country Abraham Lincoln, who was the instrument for the destruction of slavery, and died also a martyr to the same cause.

The grievously low moral position of the country upon this subject, at this time, produced its effect in this Boston meeting. The Attorney-General of Massachusetts, a Mr. Austin, had nearly succeeded, by specious appeals to the audience, in not only diverting the meeting from its original purpose, and leading it to reject the resolutions offered, but in making its expression just the opposite of the opinions it really held. At this juncture, the youthful Phillips rose from among the audience, and, passing to the stage, electrified the whole assembly by a burst of wonderful eloquence. Rebuking the Attorney-General with the keenness of sarcasm and invective in which he is still a master, he roused the audience from their lethargy, and the resolutions were adopted enthusiastically.

This speech was one of the greatest of Phillips's triumphs. A young man, unknown, he entered the lists against the influence of office, age, and respectability, and carried the day. This victory decided his course. Identifying him as it did with the abolition party, he accepted the position, and shared for years its social obloquy. From this time his course has been consistently straightforward. In 1839, he abandoned his profession, finding it impossible to maintain his oath as a lawyer to support the Constitution; since, as the Constitution was then interpreted to support slavery, he saw no means of abolishing it except by abrogating that instrument.

Since that time Mr. Phillips has been prominently before the public as one of the leaders in the anti-slavery movement, and has devoted himself entirely to the cause. During the war, seeing, from the commencement, that if slavery stood in the way of victory it must be put aside, he constantly urged this course upon the Government.

Mr. Phillips belongs, by his mental constitution, to the small class of any community who always are in advance of popular sentiment, and are consequently always in a small minority. When, through agitation, public opinion has advanced to the position which such men as he held recently, they are found to have also progressed and to be again as far before the popular opinions as before. This class of thinkers can never expect to be popular favorites during their life-times.

Mr. Phillips's private fortune has enabled him to disregard the necessity for popularity, and it is only within a few years that the people have recognized his wonderful charm as an orator, since the course of events has justified his previously unpopular opinions. His style is chaste and elegant. His language is always of the purest, and his delivery full of the restrained might of reticence. Though his course in the Anti-Slavery Society aided in producing the banishment of N. P. Rogers, one of the largest-hearted and most comprehensive thinkers this country has produced from that body, yet still as this course of action was probably rather an error of judgment than a divergence of principle, it can be excused for the great service Mr. Phillips has done the country in constantly insisting upon the need in politics of disregarding expediency for principle and considering the essence rather than the popularity of any measure.

The overpowering influence of trade in this country makes the value of such men the greater, and time will but increase, instead of diminishing the respect of the American people for his unswerving and unflinching maintenance of the principles of justice and truth.

SNOW AND ICE.

THE process of crystallization seems a microcosm of the universe. Radiata, molluscs, feathers, flowers, ferns, mosses, palms, pines, grain fields, leaves of cedar, chestnut, elm, scumth—these and multitudes of other objects are figured on your frosty window; on sixteen different panes have been counted sixteen

attains strikingly distinct, and it appeared like a showcase for the globe. What can seem remoter relatives than the star, the star-fish, the star-flower, and the starry snow-flake which clings perchance to your sleeve? yet some philosophers hold that one day their law of existence will be found precisely the same. The connection with the primordial star, especially, seems far and fanciful enough; but there are yet unexplored affinities between light and crystallization; some crystals have a tendency to grow toward the light, and others develop electricity and give out flashes of light during their formation. Slight foundations for scientific fancies, indeed; but slight is all our knowledge.

More than a hundred different figures of snowflakes, all regular and kaleidoscopic, have been drawn by Scoresby, Lowe and Glaisher, and may be found pictured in the encyclopædias and elsewhere, ranging from the simplest stellar shapes to the most complicated ramifications. Professor Tyndall, in his delightful book on "The Glaciers of the Alps," gives drawings of a few of these snow-blossoms, which he watched falling for hours, the whole air being filled with them, and drifts of several inches being accumulated while he watched. "Let us imagine the eye gifted with microscopic power sufficient to enable it to see the molecules which composed these starry crystals; to observe the solid nucleus formed and floating in the air; to see it drawing toward its allied atoms, and these arranging themselves as if they moved to music, and ended with rendering that music concrete." Thus do the Alpine winds, like Orpheus, build their walls by harmony.

Snowflakes have been also found in the form of regular hexagons and other plane figures, as well as in cylinders and spheres. As a general rule, the intenser the cold the more perfect the formation, and the most perfect specimens are Arctic or Alpine in their locality. In this locality the snow seldom falls when the mercury is much below zero; but the slightest atmospheric changes may alter the whole condition of the deposit, and decide whether it shall be a fine powder which can sift through whatever dust can, or descend in large woolly masses, tossed like mouthfuls to the hungry earth.

Interesting observations have been made on the relations between ice and snow. The difference seems to lie only in the more or less compacted arrangement of the frozen particles. Water and air, each being transparent when separate, become opaque when intimately mingled; the reason being that the inequalities of refraction break up and scatter every ray of light. Thus, clouds cast a shadow; so does steam, so does foam, and the same elements take a still denser texture when combined with snow. Every snowflake is permeated with minute airy chambers, among which the light is bewildered and lost; while from perfectly hard and transparent ice every trace of air disappears, and the transmission of light is unbroken. Yet that same ice becomes white and opaque when pulverized, its fragments being then intermingled with air again—just as colorless glass may be crushed into white powder. On the other hand, Professor Tyndall has converted slabs of snow to ice by regular pressure, and has shown that every Alpine glacier begins as a snow-drift at its summit, and ends in a transparent ice-cavern below. "The blue blocks which span the sources of the Arveiron were once powdery snow upon the slopes of the Col du Géant."

The varied and wonderful shapes assumed by snow and ice have been best portrayed, perhaps, by Dr. Kane in his two works; but their resources of color have been explored by no one as by this same favored Professor Tyndall among his Alps. It appears that the tints which, in temperate regions, are seen feebly and occasionally in hollows or angles of fresh drifts, become brilliant and constant above the line of perpetual snow, and the higher the altitude the more lustrous the display. When a staff was stuck into the snow-filled drift, the hollow seemed instantly to fill with a soft blue liquid, while the snow adhering to the staff took a complementary color of pinkish yellow; and, on moving it up and down, it was hard to resist the impression that a pink flame was rising and sinking in the hole. The little natural furrows in the drifts appeared faintly blue, the ridges were gray, while the parts most exposed to view seemed least illuminated, and as if a light brown dust had been sprinkled over them. The fresher the snow the more marked the colors, and it made no difference whether the sky were cloudless or foggy. Thus was every white peak decked upon its brow with this tints of ineffable beauty.

A COMPLEX CLOCK.—The Silesian capital, Breslau, will be represented at the Paris Exhibition by a work of art which may not have its equal. It is an astronomical clock, made by a Breslau citizen, Herr E. Scholz, which has been admired by scholars as a real work of genius. The clock shows, on a large dial-plate, artistically decorated, the time of Breslau, and on a smaller plate, immediately underneath, the Berlin time, with seconds' stroke. On the back of the case, which is made of gray marble, and before which the pendulum swings, are, on the right and left, two vertical rows, each of twelve dial-plates, which show the corresponding time, by hour and minute, of twenty-four of the most important towns of the world, viz: Pekin, Sydney, Calcutta, Moscow, St. Petersburg, Constantinople, Rome, Paris, Marseilles, London, New York, Washington, San Francisco, &c. On these twenty-four dial-plates the minute-hands only move, all at once, a minute on, after the lapse of a minute, with the stroke of the sixtieth second, but each plate shows, by a special index, also the time of the day. Under the dial-plates, and over a looking-glass, stands a nicely-finished globe of the earth, which completes its movement round its axis in exactly twenty-four hours. A hand fixed above it points to the meridian, so that at one glance the different places on the surface of the earth may be read, in which, at the corresponding moment, a good watch must show the hour of noon. The weights which set the whole clockwork going are a curious and interesting sight. By a clever mechanical combination, they are united, and form a very tastefully ornamented whole, which carries, again, three hands, representing a complete almanac, one hand pointing to the month, another to the date, and the third to the day of the week; while, under the middle dial-plate, a ball, figuring the moon, represents the different phases of light of the Earth's satellite. The mechanism by which it has been possible, independently of the clockwork, to create the combined various movements in the body of the weights is quite new and very ingenious. But Herr Scholz is not content with the different functions of his clock, such as we have described them. In the lens of the seconds' pendulum he has introduced a carefully executed spring, or metal barometer; and, besides this, he uses the pendulum itself as a thermometer.

LIFE IN A LIGHTHOUSE.—Our duties at the lighthouse were not very onerous, but of course they had to be performed with the order and regularity of machinery, the first article in the regulations issued to light-house-keepers running as follows: "You are to light the lamps every evening at sun-setting, and keep them constantly burning bright and clear till sun-rising." Whatever may happen, come fair or foul weather, as sure as the sunset, is the beacon-light to shine across the trackless sea, a warning to sailors of some treacherous and shifting sand bank. The monotony of our life was broken only by storms and visits from our friends on land. It was trying to a man's nerves to sit in the watch-room, immediately below the lantern, during a gale. The waves seemed to leap in anger against the light, which steadily shone to warn ships against the lurking rock; the ocean dashed against the shore with reverberating thunder, and our stout wooden beams and rafters, dovetailed and clamped together by massive iron bands, rattled and shook as if the next moment would see the whole fabric whirling in the angry sea. A strong contrast to such nights were the calm summer evenings, when the ocean stretched round us for miles, dotted here and there with white sails, and troubled only by a passing shoal of mackerel or a puff of the summer breeze. At such times a little boat would put off from Hunciliff, and breaking the water into golden ripples in the sunset, would come gently on toward our rocky home. Old Wilson and Lucy had come to bring our stock of provisions or pay us a friendly visit. Very eagerly we watched the little boat come over the water, and hastened down to our narrow landing-place to make it fast, and welcome Lucy's bright face and her father's good-humored smile.

A New York Street Musician.

This illustration is an accurate representation of a well-known street musician, who can be seen almost any fine morning by the thousands who pass down Broadway, in one of the side streets, just out of the main thoroughfare, where he takes up his position and delights the surrounding crowd. He is an individual band, or a condensation of an entire orchestra in his own person, and is almost as successful in producing startling effects as was that musician who, tradition affirms, used to accompany himself in singing, upon the flute. Blowing a shrill call of invitation from his pan-pipe, he then attracts further attention by making a clatter with his cymbals, and giving a few loud thumps upon his drum. Having by these attracted a sufficient audience among the idle and the unoccupied, of whom there is always an inexhaustible supply on hand in the great thoroughfares of every large city, he commences his concert. The hurdy-gurdy gives the tune, which is embellished and, as it were, overlaid with further shrieks from the pan-pipe, jingling from the bells, banging upon the drum and clashing of the cymbals. The crowd of the idle and the curious increases, when the second actor appears upon the scene, in the shape of a young woman, who passes about the crowd, presenting insinuatingly a tambourine. The soul of that man who is not tempted to part with a few cents, after having enjoyed such a concord of sweet sounds, must be fit for nothing but treasons, stratagems and spoils.

An Australian Snake Story.

THE following wonderful story we take also from Mr. Vahrheit's "Four Years in the Interior of Australia": The incident I am about to relate will probably appear incredible to most of my readers, and would certainly appear so to myself, had it not been that it had happened to me personally. One night in the interior, my guide and myself, accompanied with only a small dog, pitched our tent for the night. The weather had been unusually mild all day, and spring was evidently close at hand. As we were passing through a portion of the country known to be filled with black snakes, and as the warmth of the weather warned us that the end of their winter torpidity was approaching, we were particularly careful this night to use our customary precautions against their incursions. This kind of snake is very fond of intruding into the tents of the traveler, but has this peculiarity, that it will never pass over burnt grass. Therefore, before retiring for the night, we carefully burnt away the grass from about our tent, making a circle about 200 feet in diameter, and pitching our tent in the middle. Having thus secured ourselves, we went quietly to sleep, and passed the night undisturbed. The next morning, however, just at the break of day, we were awakened by a peculiar noise, above which we heard our dog yelping and snarling. Hastening out of the opening of the tent, I saw the most surprisingly frightful scene I ever saw. All round the border of the circle of burnt grass, of which our tent formed the centre, the grass was alive with black snakes, wriggling and hissing. It seemed to me that there were thousands of them. Our dog had taken refuge on the top of our tent, and there with his tail between his legs, his back arched, his eyes darting fire, he danced about from side to side, snarling and yelping in a state of canine excitement such as I never before witnessed. The matter began to grow serious, for how could we escape? It would be impossible to walk through so thick a mass of writhing snakes as seemed to surround us. We tried at first to beat them away with sticks, but the futility of this course was very soon apparent. Driven from one spot, they re-appeared elsewhere, only in increased numbers. Finally, however, by soaking most of our powder in our brandy, we rolled it into balls, and setting them on fire, threw them into their midst. By this plan the powder burnt slowly, sputtering the blue flame, which is so



NEW YORK STREET MUSICIANS—AN INDIVIDUAL BAND.

effective in fireworks. This mode of defense was entirely successful. No sooner would one of these balls alight in the midst of the snakes than they would disappear as mysteriously as they came, so that before we had exhausted the powder we had prepared, we were as free from snakes as we were the night before, and continued our journey in peace.

HAYTI AND PRESIDENT GEFFRARD.

THE following account of a visit paid to President Geffrard, of Hayti, is taken from a work just published, entitled, "A Trip to the Tropics." The author, the Marquis of Lorne, eldest son of the Duke of Argyll, says:

"After we had waited some time Geffrard came

in. He was dressed in black, with white necktie, and began to talk immediately. His manners are charming, quite those of a polished French gentleman, and he is evidently more accustomed to speak than be spoken to. He is of about middle height, his figure rather spare, but well knit. The white wool is brushed back from a high but not broad forehead. His eyes are very black and quick in their expression, and the mouth and jaw seem to show decision and firmness. He has white blood, but is so dark that no one, unless practiced in the various shades by which the distinction of race are marked, would say so. He and his government are quite looked upon as representing the colored, not the black class. He has been elected President for life, but I doubt if he will be in his present position many more years,

unless aided by foreign powers. They say here that Seward offered to send him a gunboat for protection. If so, it is in contradiction to the policy of Captain Walker, the commander of the Federal man-of-war the De Soto. This officer, it is almost known, had entered into correspondence with Salnave, who had held out hopes that, in case of assistance being given him, he would do his best to give the Americans a large island off the north coast of Hayti. We told the President we had come from Jacmel, and were going to leave by this day's steamer. 'Messieurs,' said he, 'I am afraid you have had a rough journey, and over bad roads.' We could, of course, not deny that the roads were bad, but praised the scenery, and the politeness of the people. He said, 'Yes, they are a polite and good people. Great crimes are unknown; one never hears a murder. A man may travel alone with large sums of money, and be perfectly secure. Arms are carried, not for defense or to hurt others, but because it is the custom of the people. It originated in the number of wars in which they were engaged. Larceny and small offenses are the only crimes.' We told him of the town-school we had seen, and asked him if the education system was carried on under government alone. 'Yes, messieurs; nearly all the schools are under government. There are only a few that are *particulier*.' Eley talked of the exertions of the President to further education. 'Oh, yes!' the President said, 'but we are quite ashamed of the poverty of our institutions, when they are seen by foreigners. Remember that we had everything to do; that this is a new State, which we had to build from the ground.' After much in the same strain, he said he wished we would come in another twenty years to see the progress they would make in that time. We spoke of the abolition of slavery in America, and asked him about Seward. He said the Secretary had come to the palace to visit him, and seemed to suffer still much more from his wound, in consequence of which it was difficult to hear him speak. 'It was the case with me; my tongue

is too large for my jaw. When I

was young, I used to stamp my feet with rage at the difficulty I experienced in expressing myself. After staying about half an hour, we rose to take leave; but when out of the door, we were recalled with the exclamation, 'Messieurs, quelle impolitesse!' and on re-entering, he gave us some sherry, apologizing that the wine was not of the best, and again saying he hoped we would return twenty years hence—a long invitation, which we accepted. I wonder if the old President or we shall be alive at that time! He is as likely to be in England as we in Hayti. We left the island on board of one of the fine Glasgow transatlantic boats, which was taking out troops to Jamaica. We found the officers engaged in attempting to catch three large sharks that were swimming about under the stern; one was hooked, but got off almost immediately.

The officers won't land, not expecting to find anything to their taste in a negro republic. 'Haw—where have you been? Devilish long ride.' 'What's to be seen? Nothing, I'm sure, in such a d-d hole. Fancy a black republic! Haw—haw! I wouldn't land for anything. I always feel inclined to knock a nigger down when he's impudent; and what they must be when they're free, like that, I don't know,' were some of the sensible remarks addressed to us. We remembered the courtesy and refinement of President Geffrard's conversation, and we made our own reflections. I forgot to say that Geffrard remarked, as if convinced of its truth, that the commerce of the Haytian and the quantity of goods exported were enormous for the size of the country and the number of people. This was almost the only subject on which he spoke with satisfaction of anything in the land he governs. It is a magnificent country, and one cannot help wishing it a happier and a more industrious future."

SELFISHNESS. — It is easier to set a man against all the world than to make him fight with himself.



AN ADVENTURE WITH BLACK SNAKES IN AUSTRALIA.

HOME INCIDENTS, ACCIDENTS, &c.



WANTED TO MARRY BY PROXY.

HOME INCIDENTS, &c.
Wanted to Marry by Proxy.

A genteel-looking young German appeared at Justice Andre's office in St. Louis, recently, and announced his desire to be united in the holy bonds of wedlock. The justice being absent, the clerk told the bridegroom to go and bring his lady-love, and by that time the squire would be in and would unite them in a very short time. The young man said the presence of the young lady was unnecessary, that he had brought two witnesses to prove her willingness, and wanted to be married by proxy. The clerk informed him that no marriage could take place in this country without the presence and consent of the party of the first part and the party of the second part; that in Europe, kings and emperors sometimes marry by proxy; but in this country the woman could not be given away in marriage unless she was present in propria persona, and not only willing but somewhat anxious to throw herself away upon the unworthy bridegroom. The young German said he did



A RARE WIFE.

ing so hard that I could fetch no water, so I have not been able to make you any dinner. As you are wet through, I shall be obliged to you to fetch me a couple of buckets of water—you cannot get any wetter." The argument was striking; he, therefore, took two buckets and fetched some water from the well, which was at a considerable distance. On reaching his house, he found his wife comfortably seated by the fire; when lifting one bucket after another, he poured the contents over his kind and considerate partner. "Now, wife," said he, "you are as wet as I am, so you may as well fetch the water for yourself—you can't get any wetter!"

A Festive Elephant.

A youthful elephant, recently, while being conveyed in a baggage-car between Syracuse and Rochester, in this State, amused himself by pulling the bell cord which ran through the top of his car, and also the rope which set the patent brakes. This business he did by means of his trunk. He stopped the train two or three times, to the great annoyance of the conductor, who



A NOBLE DEED.

She got up, lit the fire, and prepared everything for her husband's breakfast, and when all this was done, found out that there was yet an hour before he would be at home. She thereupon lit a lantern, and, taking with her a shovel, set to work, and cleared a path through the snow to the foundry, where her husband was at work, a distance of a quarter of a mile, completing her task in time to enable the old man "to walk home comfortably," as she said.

A Singular Accident.

A singular accident occurred recently at the White Breast bridge, on the road between Knoxville and Red Rock: J. Wilson, a young man from Summit, was ascending the ice-clad hill, on the south side of the stream, with a team and a wagon loaded with furniture, and when near the top the horses began to slip, and finally ran backward over the side of the road and down the almost perpendicular precipice of forty or fifty feet. The wagon with its load was considerably damaged, but, strange to say, the horses were not mortally injured.



THE RIGHT SPIRIT.

leapt on the table, breaking into shivers the table, cups and saucers, and all its contents. Terrified by the exploit it had performed, the horse then began kicking and plunging about the room, smashed a cheffonier containing wine and brandy-bottles and glasses, broke in pieces a sewing-machine, the chairs and sofa, and nearly all the furniture of the room. For about five or six minutes this work of destruction went on. Some of Mr. Weightman's men came to the door, but at first dared not enter the room to secure the infuriated animal. At last the horse was seized by Mr. Weightman's son, who held him till he was quieted. But he could not return as he entered, so he was led through the kitchen in the back-yard, uninjured, except to the extent of a few scratches. The strangest part of the story is the providential escape of all the party unhurt; it seems almost miraculous that not one of them was seriously injured. The youngest, a child aged four, lay at one time under the horse's legs, and another, a few years older, was kicked under the grate, but not hurt much.



A LESSON FOR LAZY WIVES.

not see what difference it could make to the lady, as she had no vote anyhow, and her property, as well as herself, became the goods and chattels of the husband. Besides, he had known such marriages to take place in New Orleans, and he didn't see why it could not be done here. The clerk told him it was no use to argue the case, as the thing could not be done by any manner of means under the statute, and that he must produce the bride if he wanted to get married. The young man went out, and shortly returned with a lady old enough to be his grandmother, and the feminine January was united to the masculine May in about five minutes. It seems that the old lady possesses some property, and the young man was ashamed to be seen marrying such a withered specimen of widowhood.

A Lesson for Lazy Wives.

A farmer living near Rochester, N. Y., was at work in the fields during one of the recent storms of rain, and went home in the evening, tired and drenched to the skin. His loving wife said: "My dear, it has been rain-



A SINGULAR ACCIDENT

could not for a time find out who was usurping his power, and after the first time, when the experiment had shown what effect to expect, he seemed as much amused at repeating it as a mischievous boy is at playing some annoying trick.

A Rare Wife.

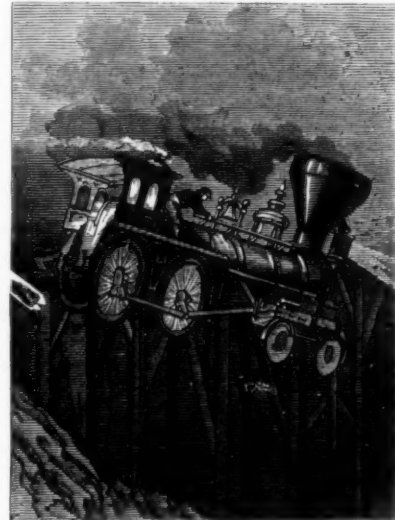
The following incident is related in connection with the recent snow-storm. At a little village in Morris county, New Jersey, there lives an aged couple named Shepherd, the husband being seventy-one years of age, and the wife one year younger. Shepherd is engaged as a furnace-tender at one of the iron company's works, and on a Saturday night he went on duty as usual, his time being up at six on the following morning. During the night of Saturday snow fell heavily, accompanied by violent gusts of wind, the snow forming deep drifts in exposed places. The old woman, on waking early on Sunday morning, perceived this state of things, and became anxious for the safety of her husband, who would have to cross two or three fields on his way home.



A NEW WAY OF PAYING RENT.

An Unwelcome Guest.

The driver of a cart in Boston, Mass., was proceeding home, about half-past six o'clock on an evening of last week. As he was passing down Cambridge street one of the traces gave way, and this caused the horse to take fright; the animal rushed off at a furious rate, and the driver lost all control over it. At the corner where the roads diverge, the one leading to the bridge, the other to the north end, the horse was accustomed to turn up the latter. As the angle is a sharp one, and the horse was at full speed, he could not manage to turn the corner. Just opposite to him was the house of Mr. Weightman, and in a room, on the ground-floor, the family, with a few friends, in all ten persons, were quietly sitting round the tea-table. Into one of the windows of this small room the horse suddenly leaped, carrying with it its harness, and leaving outside the body of the cart, with the terror-stricken driver sitting in it unhurt. The consternation of the party in the room may be imagined. The horse alighted on a chair which had just been vacated by the tea-maker; he then



A THRILLING INCIDENT.

The Right Spirit.

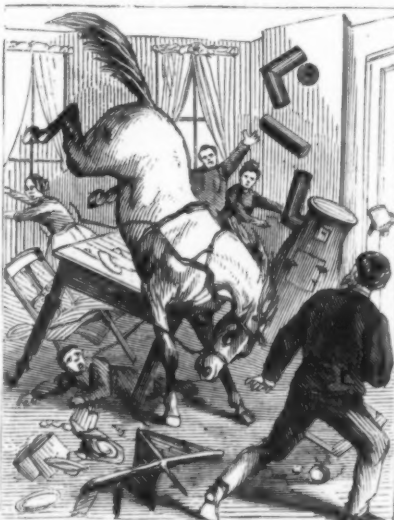
A son of General Robert E. Lee, at a recent dinner-party in Richmond, was asked to join in a toast to the "Fallen Flag," but instead of doing so, rose and said: "Gentlemen, this will not do. We are paroled prisoners. We now have but one flag, and that is the flag of our whole country—the glorious old stars and stripes. I can recognize no other, fight for no other, and will drink to no other."

A Noble Deed.

During the war an incident occurred on the Pennsylvania Central Railroad, which is thus related by an eye-witness. Our informant was with a regiment of soldiers going from Pittsburg to Harrisburg in a special train. Between Johnstown and the Summit they were delayed by a freight train off the track, or a part of its cars off. This they learned at one of the stations, and remained there until they should be informed that the track was clear. It was in the night, and most of the thousand men on the train were asleep,



A FESTIVE ELEPHANT.



AN UNWELCOME GUEST.



A COMPLICATED ATTEMPT AT SUICIDE.



AN AGRICULTURAL FAMILY.

unconscious of their danger. Four heavily-loaded coal-cars belonging to the train ahead had, by accident, become detached, and began the descent of a heavy grade at a speed which soon became terrible. The engineer of the special train heard the roar of the descending cars, and surmised what was the matter. In an instant he ordered his engine to be detached from the train and put on steam to meet the runaway cars, if possible, to break their force and save his train. His locomotive was a large freight engine, and he had moved several rods ahead when the coal cars struck him like a thunderbolt, and crushed his engine back on the train; but his heroic courage had saved many lives. His engine was utterly demolished, and many of his cars were also crushed; but so had he broken the force of the shock that no lives were lost. The man's name was Story, and his grateful beneficiaries presented him some elegant silver-plate, with the deed itself and their names engraved on them. When asked why he did not abandon his train, he replied, "Quick as lightning, I thought I had better die than to have those runaway cars cut clean through my train, destroying hundreds?" It was a heroic answer.

A Thrilling Incident.

That part of the Marietta and Cincinnati railroad, between Athens and the Ohio river, was formerly made famous by the number of its long and high trestle bridges. With few exceptions, these are now filled up, and the road is becoming one of the best. At one time the company were in great straits, and many of their operatives were unpaid. Some of the men were desperate, and, as the fact proved, dangerous. On a certain evening a train was approaching one of these trestle bridges. It was known that the directors of the road were on board, and some villain had determined to throw the whole train from that bridge. The engineer, letting his train move at the ordinary speed, suddenly discovered that a rail had been displaced on the bridge. He seemed to know instinctively that the momentum was too great to save the whole train, and he signaled the breaks down and reversed the engine, to stop, if possible, the cars before reaching the chasm. Then, opening the throttle-valve, his engine sprang forward so violently as to break the connection with the train, and dashed to the awful leap. The bold man, as this was going on, ran out of his window on the engine and opened his escape-valve. While standing there the engine went over with him; and, marvelous to relate, he, falling under the huge weight, was preserved from being crushed by the engine-bell at his side. The train, for the rescue of which he had exhibited such incredible pluck, stopped just soon enough to escape the horrible leap after the engine. This bold man fortunately recovered from his wounds, and is still an honored employe of the company.

A New Way to Pay the Rent.

With the approach of rent-day, and the threatened rise in rents, the following incident may be a timely suggestion: The landlady of a certain medical student in this city, who had ineffectually dunned her delinquent tenant for some time, resolved at last upon resorting to extreme measures. She entered the student's room one morning recently, and said, in a decided tone: "You must either pay me my rent, or be off this very day." "I prefer to be off," said the student, who, on his side, was prepared for the encounter. "Well, then, sir, pack up directly." "I assure you, madam, I will go with the utmost expedition if you will assist me a little." "With the greatest pleasure." The student thereupon went to a wardrobe, tranquilly opened a drawer, and took out a skeleton, which he handed to the dame. "Will you have the kindness to place this at the bottom of my trunk?" inquired it up. "What is that?" asked the landlady, recoiling a little. "That?" "Yes, that." "Pooh, that! Oh, it is the skeleton of my first landlord. He was inconvenient enough to claim the rent of three months that I owed him—and then! Be careful not to break it; it is No. 1 of my collection." "Sir!" exclaimed the dame, growing visibly paler. The student, without replying, opened a second drawer, and took another skeleton. "This—is this my landlady in—street; a very worthy woman, but who also demanded the rent for two months. Will you place it upon the other? It is No. 2." The landlady opened two eyes as large as saucers. "This," continued the student, "this is No. 3. They are all here! A very honest man, and whom I did not pay either. Let us pass on to No. 4." But the landlady was no longer there; she had fled almost frightened to death. From that day no more was said about the rent.

A Complicated Attempt at Suicide.

A native of Communipaw, N. J., being tired of his life, resolved recently to take such measures as must infallibly insure his death. To that end he started for the seashore, provided with a ladder, a rope, a loaded pistol, a bottle of poison, and a box of matches. Having some time before discovered a post standing a little way out in the water, he fixed his ladder against it, and ascending, fastened one end of the cord to the top, and passed a slip-knot around his neck, swallowed the poison, and, striking a light, set fire to his clothes, then placing the pistol to his ear, kicked away the ladder; but in doing so his hand swerved, and, as he fired at the same moment, the bullet, instead of penetrating his brain, divided the rope, and he fell into the sea, extinguishing his burning garments, while the quantity of the salt water he swallowed caused him to throw up the poison he had taken, so that he scrambled on shore, convinced that his time had not yet arrived.

An Agricultural Family.

The story comes to us from Montgomery, Alabama, of some poor negro women there, who, having borrowed a plow, with it plowed the field, six of them drawing and the seventh holding the plow. The field was plowed thoroughly, and the seed sown, and, if nothing prevents, they will have a good crop of corn in due season.

A CHAPTER ON SNOWSTORMS.

The greatest storm recorded in England is that of 1814, in which for forty-eight hours the snow fell so furiously that drifts of sixteen, twenty and even twenty-four feet were recorded in various places. An inch an hour is thought to be the average rate of deposit, though four inches are said to have fallen during the severe storm of January 3d, 1859. When thus intensified, the "beautiful meteor of the snow" seems to give a sensation of something formidable; and when the mercury suddenly falls meanwhile, and the wind rises, there are sometimes suggestions of such terror in a snow-storm as no summer thunders can rival.

The brief and singular transatlantic tempest of February 7, 1861, was a thing to be ever remembered by those who saw it. The sky suddenly appeared to open and let down whole solid snow-banks at once, which were caught and torn to pieces by the ravenous winds, and the traveler was instantaneously enveloped in a whirling mass far denser than fog; it was a tornado with snow stirred into it. Standing in the middle of

the road, with houses close on every side, one could see absolutely nothing in any direction, one could hear no sound but the storm. Every landmark vanished, and it was no more possible to guess the points of the compass than in mid-ocean. It was easy to conceive of being bewildered and overwhelmed within a rod of one's own door. The tempest lasted only an hour; but if it had lasted a week, we should have had such a storm as occurred on the steppes of Kirghizia in Siberia, in 1827, destroying 235,000 horses, 30,400 cattle, 1,001,000 sheep, and 10,000 camels—or as the "thirteen drifty days," in 1820, which killed nine-tenths of all the sheep in the South of Scotland. Oh Eskdale Moor, out of 20,000 only 45 were left alive, and the shepherds everywhere built up huge semicircular walls of the dead creatures, to afford shelter to the living, till the gale should end. But the most remarkable narrative of a snow-storm is that written by James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, in record of one which took place January 24th, 1793.

James Hogg at this time belonged to a sort of literary society of young shepherds, and had set out, the day previous, to walk twenty miles over the hills to the place of meeting; but so formidable was the look of the sky that he felt anxious for his sheep, and finally turned back again. There was at that time only a slight fall of snow, in thin flakes, which seemed uncertain whether to go up or down: the hills were covered with deep folds of frost-fog, and in the valleys the same fog seemed dark, dense, and, as it were, crushed together. An old shepherd, predicting a storm, bade him watch for a sudden opening through this fog, and expect a wind from that quarter; yet, when he saw such an opening suddenly form at midnight (having then reached his own home) he thought it all a delusion, as the weather had grown milder and a thaw seemed setting in. He, therefore, went to bed, and felt no more anxiety for his sheep; yet he lay awake in spite of himself, and at two o'clock he heard the storm begin. It smote the house suddenly, like a great peal of thunder—something utterly unlike any storm he had ever before heard. On his rising, and thrusting his bare arm through a hole in the roof, it seemed precisely as if he had thrust it into a snow-bank, so densely was the air filled with the falling and driving particles. He lay still for an hour, while the house rocked with the tempest, hoping it might prove only a hurricane; but as there was no abatement, he awakened his companion-shepherd, telling him it was "come on such a night or morning as never blew from the heavens." The other at once arose, and opening the door of the shed where they slept, found a drift as high as the farm-house already heaped between them and its walls, a distance of only fourteen yards. He floundered through, Hogg soon following, and, finding all the family up, they agreed that they must reach the sheep as soon as possible, especially 600 ewes that were in one lot together, at the furthest end of the farm. So, after family prayers and breakfast, four of them stuffed their pockets with bread and cheese, sewed their plaids about them, tied down their hats, and, taking each his staff, set out on their tremendous undertaking, two hours before day.

Day dawned before they got 300 yards from the house. They could not see each other, and kept together with the greatest difficulty. They had to make paths with their staves, roll themselves over drifts otherwise impassable, and every three or four minutes had to hold their heads down between their knees to recover breath. They went in single file, taking the lead by turns. The master soon gave out and was speechless and semi-conscious for more than an hour, though he afterward recovered and held out with the rest. Two of them lost their head-ears, and Hogg himself fell over a high precipice, but they reached the flock at half-past ten. They found the ewes huddled together in a dense body, under ten feet of snow—packed so closely, that, to the amazement of the shepherds, when they had extricated the first, the whole flock walked out one after another, in a body through the hole. How they got them home it is almost impossible to tell. It was now noon, and they sometimes could see through the storm for twenty yards, but they had only one momentary glimpse of the hills through all the terrible day. Yet Hogg persisted in going by himself afterward to rescue some flocks of his own, barely escaping with life from the expedition; his eyes were sealed up with the storm, and he crossed a formidable torrent, without knowing it, on a wreath of snow. Two of the others lost themselves in a deep valley, and would have perished but for being accidentally heard by a neighboring shepherd, who guided them home, where the female portion of the family had abandoned all hopes of ever seeing them again.

The next day was clear, with a cold wind, and they set forth again at day-break to seek the remainder of the flock. The face of the country was perfectly transformed: not a hill was the same—not a brook or lake could be recognized. Deep glooms were filled in with snow, covering the very tops of the trees, and over a hundred acres of ground, under an average depth of six or eight feet, they were to look for four or five hundred sheep. The attempt would have been hopeless but for a dog that accompanied them. Seeing their perplexity, he began sniffing about, and presently scratching in the snow at certain points, and then looking round at his master. Digging at this spot they found a sheep beneath; and so the dog did them all day, bounding eagerly from one place to another—much faster than they could dig the creatures out, so that he sometimes had twenty or thirty holes marked before-hand. In this way, within a week, they got out every sheep on the farm except four, these last being buried under a mountain of snow fifty feet deep, on the top of which the dog had marked their places again and again. Every car the sheep proved to be alive and warm, though half-suffocated. On being taken out they usually bounded away swiftly, and then fell he pleased in a few moments, overcome by the change of atmosphere; some then died almost instantly, and others were carried home and with difficulty preserved, only about thirty being lost in all.

Marvelous to tell, the country people unanimously agreed afterward to refer the whole terrific storm to some secret incantations of poor Hogg's literary society aforesaid; it was generally maintained that a club of young dare-devils had raised the fiend himself among them in the likeness of a black dog, the night preceding the storm; and the young students actually did not dare to show themselves at fairs or at markets for a year afterward.

MODERN HERMITS.

In *Blackwood's Magazine* for April, 1830, it is stated by Christopher North, in the "Notas Ambrosianas," that the then editor of another magazine had been "for fourteen years hermit to Lord Hill's father, and sat in a cave in that worthy baronet's grounds with an hour-glass in his hand, and a beard belonging to an old goat, from sunrise to sunset, with orders to accept no half-crowns from visitors, but to behave like Glodano Bruno."

In 1816, a correspondent of *Notes and Queries* visiting the grounds at Hawkstone, the seat of the Hills, was shown the hermitage there, with a stuffed figure dressed like the hermits of pictures, seen by a dim light; and the visitors were told that it had been inhabited in the day-time by a poor man, to whom the eccentric but truly benevolent Sir Richard Hill gave a maintenance on that easy condition; but that the popular voice against such slavery had induced the worthy baronet to withdraw the reality and substitute the figure.

A person advertised to be engaged as a hermit in the *Courier*, January 11, 1810: "A young man, who wishes to retire from the world and live as a hermit, in some convenient spot in England, is willing to engage with any nobleman or gentleman who may be desirous of having one. Any letter directed to B. Lawrence (post-

paid), to be left at Mr. Otton's, No. 6, Coleman's lane, Plymouth, mentioning what gratuity will be given, and all other particulars, will be duly attended."

In 1840 there died, in the neighborhood of Farnham, in Surrey, a recluse or hermit, who had been originally a wealthy brewer, but, becoming bankrupt, wandered about the country, and having spent at an inn what little money he had, took up his abode in the cavern popularly known as "Mother Ludlam's Hole," in Moor Park. The "poor man" did not long avail himself of this ready-made excavation, but chose his resting-place just above, in the sandstone rock, upon a spot where a fox had been run to ground and dug out not long since. He occasionally walked out, but was little noticed, although, from the bareness of the trees, his retreat was seen from a distance. He soon excavated for himself twenty-five feet in the sandstone, and about five feet in height, with a shaft to the summit of the hill, for the admission of light and air. Here, in unbroken solitude, with fewer luxuries than Farnham's hermit—

"His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well"—

our Surrey hermit subsisted almost entirely upon ferns, which abounded in this neighborhood. On January 11, 1840, he was seen by two laborers, who described him as not having "two pounds of flesh on all his bones."

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

Old Mr. Simms had in his employ a man named Mathew—called Mat for short. When told to do anything he generally made some blunder, more or less egregious; and it was only his perfect willingness to do anything required of him that kept him in his situation.

One morning Mr. S. summoned him into his presence. "Well, Mat," said he, "I want you to take the barrow and go down to Mr. Brown's, and get my new grindstone, and hurry back."

On arriving at Brown's, Mat walked into the shop, and addressed the clerk with—

"Mr. Simms sent me after his grindstone and hurryback, sir."

"There's the stone alongside of that plow; what else did you say he wanted?"

"His hurryback, sir."

"Yes, sir."

"I'd like to know what sort of thing that is—are you sure he said hurryback?"

"Av course I am; sez he to me, 'Mat,' sez he, 'go you down to Mr. Brown's, and ax him for me grindstone and hurryback,' and sez I to meself, 'what the deuce do he mane?'"

A smile lit up the countenance of the clerk; he saw the man's mistake, and being desirous of running the joke further, said:

"I'll see if I can see anything of it in the book."

He opened the one nearest to him, and ran his eyes over half a dozen pages.

"Ah, here it is! tell Mr. Simms that it is not finished yet, but will be ready in two or three days."

"Well, Mat," said Simms; "I see you've got the stone; now tell me how many blunders you've made."

"Niver a wan, sir—I couldn't bring the hurryback wid me, sir, because I wasn't done."

"I didn't tell you to bring any hurryback with you."

"Faith, but ye did, sir."

"I told you to hurry back—meaning, to make haste back, and you've made a blunder as usual; and the clerk's made a fool of you."

A young man of great gallantry recently rescued a beautiful woman who was in danger of drowning. She stood in high-tide shoes, surrounded by forty springs under a watered silk, with a catarrh in her eye, a waterfall on the back of her head, and a notion in her brain.

It would be impossible to transfer to the English language the wit of this fine French *jeu d'esprit* on the situation of Europe, resulting from the German war and its settlement: "L'Europe est faite, et Rome contraindre; l'Autriche est défilée, et l'Allemagne relâchée; la Prusse est surfaite, la France paraît; et l'Angleterre satisfait."

It is said that Maximilian's determination to remain in Mexico arises from his desire to establish in that country an empire the ruling power of which shall belong to the house of Hapsburg.

A lady in Oregon, in writing to a friend in New York, says that cattle in that region live to such a great age, that their owners have to fatten long poles to the end of their horns for the wrinkles to run out on.

The Democrats once held a grand rally and barbecue. An Irishman went to the Democratic leaders and said: "An' sure, didn't ye know better than to have a barbecue on Friday, when two-thirds of the party can't ate mate?"

The other day, at the Central Criminal Court, a prisoner was on trial, and at its conclusion was told that the jury had found him guilty. "Exactly," replied the culprit; "that's just my conviction."

"JEANNIE," said a venerable Cameronian to his daughter, who was asking his consent to accompany her urgent and favored suitor to the altar, "it is a very solemn thing to get married."

"I know it, father," replied the sensible damsel, "but it is a great deal sadder not to."

An Indiana paper says that ladies out there who wear number seven, eight and nine boots—and such are the majority—oppose the new short dress style.

A little boy asked his mother what blood relations meant. She explained that it meant near relatives, etc. After thinking a moment, he said: "Then, mother, you must be the bloodiest relation I've got."

A PIKE'S PEAK miner, writing to a Minnesota paper, says the miners are much discouraged in that region—"they have to dig through a solid vein of silver four feet thick before they reach the gold."

Mrs. PARTINGTON remarked the other day that "she had a resentment that she should eventually die in a prison; adding, 'that the resentment troubled her a good deal, but she expected finally to get immured to it.'"

"WHY are orphans the happiest children in the world?" asked a little boy of his mother, who had been just chastising him. "They are not happy," said the mother; "but why do you think they are?" "Because they have no mothers to spank 'em."

A YANKEE captain was caught in the jaws of a whale, but was finally rescued, badly wounded. On being asked what he thought while in that situation, he replied: "I thought he would make about forty barrels."

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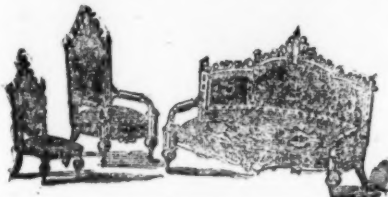
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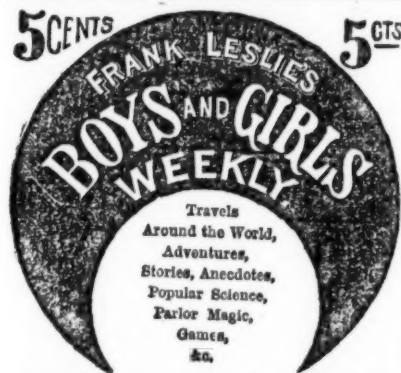
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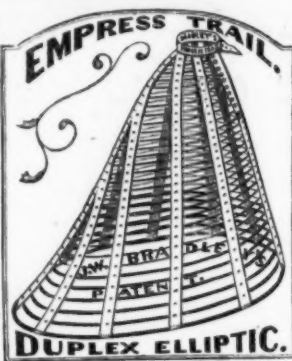
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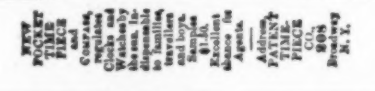


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